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**THE BOOK**  
**OF**  
**CANTERBURY RHYMES.**



**CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND:**  
**MDCCCLXVI.**

Oct 20 1923. 10

✓



## PREFACE.

---

THIS little book, the compilation of which has been undertaken with the hope of aiding in a work of charity, has no pretensions to the title of a Book of Poetry. It is merely a collection of rhymes, chiefly of a humorous character, which have been written and first published in Canterbury. Almost all which appeared in the earlier days of the settlement are re-printed here, for the sake of the old associations which attach to them. But comparatively few have been selected out of the large number of newspaper verses which later years have produced.

Wherever it has been possible to ascertain the Author's name, initials have been appended to the verses, so that the reader may understand how many different hands have contributed to the 'Poet's Corner' in Canterbury, and may be able to account for the great variety in the style of composition and the subjects chosen. It is not perhaps so easy to account for the disparaging language used so generally of the country, its climate and its people, their rulers, their manners, and their pursuits, unless we accept the solution that Canterbury is in every way so excellent that evil can only be spoken of the province in pure fun, as is the case in these pages.

No alterations of consequence have been made in the text from the first publication. A few words only have been changed, where a satirical remark has seemed to pass the boundary of good humoured license; or where, for some temporary purpose, the words as originally written had been altered on the first appearance in the newspaper, and have now been restored.



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# CANTERBURY RHYMES.

---

## The Night Watch Song of the "Charlotte Jane." (1)

---

'Tis the first watch of the night, brothers,  
And the strong wind rides the deep ;  
And the cold stars shining bright, brothers,  
Their mystic courses keep.  
Whilst our ship her path is cleaving  
The flashing waters through,  
Here's a health to the land we are leaving,  
And the land we are going to.

First sadly bow the head, brothers,  
In silence o'er the wine,  
To the memory of the dead, brothers,  
The fathers of our line.  
Though their tombs may not receive us,  
Far o'er the ocean blue,  
Their spirits ne'er shall leave us  
In the land we are going to.

Whilst yet sad memories move us,  
A second cup we'll drain  
To the manly hearts that love us  
In our old homes o'er the main.  
Fond arms that used to caress us,  
Sweet smiles from eyes of blue,  
Lips which no more may bless us,  
In the land we are going to.

But away with sorrow now, brothers,  
 Fill the wine-cup to the brim !  
 Here's to all who'll swear the vow, brothers,  
 Of this our midnight hymn :—  
 That each man shall be a brother,  
 Who has join'd our gallant crew :  
 That we'll stand by one another  
 In the land we are going to !

Fill again, before we part, brothers,  
 Fill the deepest draught of all,  
 To the loved ones of our hearts, brothers,  
 Who reward and share our toil.  
 From husbands and from brothers,  
 All honour be their due,—  
 The noble maids and mothers  
 Of the land we are going to !

The wine is at an end, brothers ;  
 But ere we close our eyes,  
 Let a silent prayer ascend, brothers,  
 For our gallant enterprise.  
 Should our toil be all unblest, brothers,  
 Should ill winds of fortune blow,  
 May we find God's haven of rest, brothers,  
 In the land we are going to.

J. E. F-G.

Charlotte Jane, Nov. 2, 1850.

---

### *The Canterbury Emigrant.*

---

(A new edition of the "Irish Emigrant.")

---

I'm thinking of the day, Mary,  
 When we stood side by side,  
 Poor wanderers from our native land,  
 When first you were my bride.  
 The fern was waving tall and rank,  
 And the wind blew keen and high,  
 But a smile was on your lip, Mary,  
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is greatly changed, Mary,  
 The tall fern waves no more,  
 And many an Old World blossom bright  
 Now nestles round our door.  
 Our home is snug and warm, Mary,  
 As any Old World home,  
 And I prize its low thatched cottage roof  
 More than a gilded dome.

Put a fresh log on the hearth, Mary,  
 And call our friends around,  
 We'll celebrate our 'coming' day,  
 And the blessings we have found.  
 We journeyed forth in faith and hope,  
 From our home across the main ;  
 And now we are so happy here,  
 We'd not go back again.

But we'll not forget the Old World,  
 In boasting of the New,  
 Nor the many friends we left behind,  
 The friends both kind and true.  
 We'd drink prosperity to all ;  
 And if they love good cheer,  
 And cannot find it where they are,  
 Why, let them all come here !

E. R. W.

April, 1851.

---

The English Labourer's Response to the Song of the  
 "Canterbury Emigrant."

---

I've heard your lay of hope and love ;  
 I like its cheery tone ;  
 And emulate the honest toil  
 By which your joys have grown :  
 I've toiled, with a tenacious faith,  
 For many a weary year,  
 But see no independence rise  
 My autumn-days to cheer.

'Tis not that on your southern home  
 A brighter sun has smiled ;  
 Or that my mother-country's soil  
 Will not support her child ;  
 But when I echo back your song,  
 And towards New Zealand turn,  
 I feel that there they value *men*,  
 And native worth discern.

I dread lest these my children should  
 Those bitter feelings know  
 That from the rich man's scorn result,  
 Or from oppression grow ;  
 Although Old England is endeared  
 By many ties to me,  
 Ere they shall bite the dust I'll seek  
 A home beyond the sea.

And so I gather up my flowers,  
 Before their brightness fades.  
 Thank God no broken law enchains,  
 No conscious thought upbraids !  
 Amid those 'low-thatched cottage roofs'  
 Our future home we'll raise,  
 And by God's blessing earn respect,  
 And happy 'coming' days.

May, 1851.

---

### Pilgrims and Prophets. (¹)

---

AIR—"Gaily the Troubadour."

---

Gaily the pilgrim harnessed his plough,  
 When he had built up a roof o'er his head ;  
 Singing, "From Albion hither I come ;  
 "Land of mine! land of mine! grow me some bread."

Proudly the prophet flourished his crook,  
 When he had landed his sheep from the west ;  
 Singing, "From Philipland hither I come ;  
 "Silly men ! silly men ! wool pays the best."

Quickly the prophet bred up his flock,  
 As he defied dogs, scab, and catarrh;  
 Singing, "To Philipland back I shall go,  
 "When they no longer need 'baccy and tar."

Slowly the pilgrim toiled for his crop,  
 And soon he sent golden wheat to the mill;  
 Singing, "For ever shall this be my shop:  
 "Shepherd-man! Shepherd-man! go if you will!"

Shortly the pilgrim and prophet agreed  
 The plough and the crook couldn't live far apart;  
 Singing, "Together we'll tend and we'll till;  
 "Shepherd-man! Farmer-man! keep a good heart!"

Lastly, the good men avoided a "smash,"  
 Whether to shear or to reap was their aim;  
 Singing, with cheers from the plains to the hills,  
 "Pilgrim! and prophet! be one and the same!"

August, 1851.

---

*Lines on a Recent Calamity. (3)*

---

No deep funereal bell—  
 No pageantry of woe—  
 No plumed hearse be here to tell  
 The "grief that passeth show."

Such signs, by others treasured,  
 May force the added tear;  
 For *him*, our mourning is not measured  
 By day, or month, or year.

His mem'ry need not plead  
 For the fame by others sought;  
 For kindly was his every deed,  
 And genial every thought.

Of his home no grudger he,  
 Of hand, or heart, or mind;  
 A very prodigal in sympathy  
 For the sorrows of his kind.



To the near and dear, relief  
 Comes in guileless words and plain ;  
 For the cause of *their* unending grief  
 Is *his* unmeasured gain !

But yet, methinks, *below*  
 Some monument there needs,  
 That ages yet unborn may know  
 And emulate his deeds.

Sculptured pile and dome—  
 Build with what art you can—  
 I like not these ; they come not home,  
 Nor represent the MAN.

Join then ! a work construct,  
 With GOOD for ages rife ;  
 Such might posterity instruct—  
 Fit symbol of his LIFE !

September, 1851.

---

### Christchurch Colonists' Society.

---

An Elaboration of the Information desired respecting the Restoration of the Excavation in the Market-place, Christchurch, to its original Elevation.—Deliberation 1.

---

In the Market-place at Christchurch was made an excavation ;

The gravel taken thence being used for reparation  
 Of the Heathcote Ferry-road, then in great dilapidation.  
 The Colonists' Society, desiring information,  
 Resolved, on Tuesday last, after due deliberation,  
 That the Secretary do put himself into communication  
 With Mr. Godley, resident agent of the Association,  
 And request of him to answer, without prevarication,  
 If he at present purposes to effect a restoration  
 Of the Market-place at Christchurch to its original elevation.

It was strongly represented then that the preservation  
 Of the people's limbs and lives from such a situation

As that in which they find themselves, if through precipitation

They tumbled into, head over heels, said recited excavation,  
Was a question which merited their first consideration.

That dirty roads and dark nights were sufficient botheration,  
(When moon and stars were clouded, and no illumination  
Appeared in neighbouring cottages to afford an intimation  
To the luckless traveller) without this infernal excavation.

For these and other reasons, then, of which the enumeration

Would swell to inconvenience the Secretary's communication,  
The Colonists' Society would be glad of information

As to what's intended to be done about the restoration  
Of the Market-place at Christchurch to its original elevation.

September, 1852.

---

### The Shagroon's Lament. (\*)

"The climate of New Zealand is superior to the south of France."  
—Extract from a Canterbury Settler's Letter.

Among the dreary mountains, far up above the gorge,  
There lives a potent demon, ever working at his forge;  
A worker at the winds is he, a flatulent old buffer,  
And he sends his manufactures down, that man and beast  
may suffer.

I've witnessed all the winds that blow, from Land's End to  
Barbadoes—

Typhoons, pamperos, hurricanes, eke terrible tornadoes.  
All these but gentle zephyrs are, which pleasantly go by ye,  
To the howling, bellowing, horrid gusts which sweep down  
the Rakaia.

That little cloud now sailing down is foreman at the bellows.  
At Mount Hutt's base he'll take his place to overlook his  
fellows;

There's Gust and Puff, and Shriek and Howl, and demons  
without number;

And they're coming now, with dusky brow, to waken summer's  
slumber.

They're armed with the winds of the wild west coast,  
Which they've cooled in the mountain snow ;  
And they're riding down on their steeds of dust,  
Making dismal havoc below.

The crops which looked bright in the summer's light,  
And pleasantly waved in the breeze,  
Are wither'd and dead, the unripe grain shed,  
And leafless the rocking trees.

All huddled in vain are the sheep on the plain,  
Destruction is nearing them fast ;  
And the cry of the lamb, as it bleats to its dam,  
Is mingling its tones with the blast.

And the settler at morn may well look forlorn,  
As he hastens in search of his flock;  
For lambs dead or dying, and ewes fled or flying,  
His hopes of prosperity mock.

The Prince of the Air is roused from his lair,  
And howls in his bullying might;  
The gravel and dust are now mixed with the gust,  
And the demons shriek out with delight.

The wild pigs sniff the air, and with grunts they declare  
They'll be hanged if they stand such a gale;  
While both barrows and boars, and sows by the scores  
Cut their sticks with the wind at their tail.

The garden—my joy!—my leisure's employ!—  
Where are now thy flowers or thy trees ?  
They are blackened and bruised, and most awfully used,  
With the cabbages, carrots and peas.

The onions are whipp'd, the potatoes are nipp'd,  
The willows have lost ev'ry leaf ;  
The fruit trees are dead, or torn from their bed,  
And the gardener is dying of grief.

Oh ! Squatters, beware of the Powers of the Air,  
When you come with your cattle or sheep ;  
For New Zealand's a spot just loosed out of pot,  
And the wind there is never asleep.

It comes from the South with a burst in its mouth,  
 Bringing snow, sleet, or drizzling rain ;  
 Or it changes to West, and does its behest,  
 With a blast twice as furious again.

The vessels at sea, stout and strong thro' they be,  
 Are totally lost to command :  
 Their canvas is rent, their strong masts are bent,  
 Or they're hopelessly cast on the strand.

The best of good fellows can't stand the strong bellows,  
 That are ever at work on this shore ;  
 So stick where you are, it is better by far,  
 Than come here and be heard of no more.

M. P. S.

May, 1852.

---

### The Overseer's Lament. (5)

---

Adapted from Hood's "Song of the Shirt," to the circumstances of  
 an Overseer in the service of Long Clarke.

---

With breeches thread-bare and worn,  
 With jumper running to seed,  
 An overseer sat, in a stringy bark hut,  
 Smoking his favourite weed.  
 Puff! puff! puff!  
 "Oh! when shall I rise from this state?"  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
 He sang the song of his fate.

"Ride! ride! ride!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof!  
 And ride—ride—ride!  
 Till the stars shine thro' the roof!  
 It's oh, to be a Super  
 Along with some western swell,  
 Where man has never a stiver to save,  
 But sometimes gets a spell.

"Ride! ride! ride!  
 Till my boots are rusty and worn!  
 And ride—ride—ride!  
 Till my breeches are tattered and torn;  
 Plain, and gully, and range,  
 Range, and gully, and plain,  
 Till over the saddle I fall asleep,  
 To waken and ride again.

"Oh! Squatters, with beautiful runs!  
 Oh! Squatters, with fattening plains!  
 Not feed alone are you wearing out,  
 But you're sowing rheumatic pains!  
 Twitch! twitch! twitch!  
 I feel it in all my bones,  
 Sowing at once, with a double stitch,  
 Colonial experience and groans.

"But why do I talk of rheumatics?  
 That phantom of aching bone,  
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
 It seems so like my own—  
 It seems so like my own,  
 Because of the spills I reap.\*  
 Oh! that runs should be so dear,  
 And overseers so cheap!

"Ride—ride—ride!  
 My labour never flags;  
 And what are its wages? Forty a year,  
 And these two wretched nags.  
 This mutton chop—and this damper queer—  
 A stretcher—a 'possum rug—  
 And so wretched all that the traveller here  
 But seldom shows his mug!

"Count! count! count!  
 The thousands of every flock.  
 Count—count—count!  
 Till I've counted my master's stock;

---

\* Clarke's horses are notorious buck-jumpers.

Ewes and wethers, and lambs,  
 Lambs and wethers, and ewes,  
 Till the eyes are dazzled, the hurdles smashed,  
 And my shins are all in a bruise.

"Snip—snip—snip !  
 When the shearing season's come,  
 And snip—snip—snip !  
 But never a keg of rum !  
 Curse, and squabble, and row,  
 Row, and squabble, and curse,  
 Till my eyes are blackened, my "claret" drawn,  
 As well as my private purse.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath  
 Of the Royal Hotel in town ;  
 A prime Manilla in my mouth,  
 Whilst I knock my earnings down !  
 Oh ! but for one short month,  
 To spree as I used to spree,  
 Before I knew the Super's berth,  
 In the days when I was free !

"Oh, but for one short week !  
 A respite, however brief !  
 No blessed leisure for love or lush,  
 But only time for grief !  
 A little drinking would ease my mind,  
 But in its secret lurk  
 The grog must stop, for every drop  
 Would hinder station work !"

With breeches thread-bare and worn,  
 With jumper running to seed,  
 An overseer sat, in a stringy-bark hut,  
 Smoking his favourite weed.  
 Puff ! puff ! puff !  
 Oh, when shall I rise from this state ?  
 And still with a tone like a heart-broken lark—  
 Would that his wail could reach Long Clarke !—  
 He sang the song of his fate.

M. P. S.

January, 1853.

## Past and Future.

---

Our country boasts no history,  
 No relics of the past :  
 Old age no honoured mystery  
 Around her name has cast.

Nor kings, nor priests, nor parliaments,  
 Have wrestled for her crown ;  
 Nor has she sent great armaments  
 To strike her neighbours down.

She has not seen one warlike race  
 Rise from another's fall,  
 And mingled, in her people's face,  
 The features of them all.

In war or peace, no leader's name  
 Is to the nations known ;  
 Before the world she cannot claim  
 One hero as her own.

Her plains have no red battle-field,  
 Her hills no ruined keep ;  
 Unwaked by clang of sword and shield,  
 Her mountain echoes sleep.

No ancient mansions bear the name  
 Of families as old,  
 By whose device their fathers' fame  
 Is to the children told.

Nor has she town, by wood or wave,  
 With guild and patron Saint,  
 That fought, and freed its burghers brave  
 From feudal serfdom's taint.

No seats of learning can she boast  
 Where classic numbers ring,  
 Whose sages loved their God the most,  
 Undaunted by their King.

Nor, in the graceful Gothic style,  
 Have spire and buttress high  
 Upreared one vast and holy pile  
 Against her azure sky.

No mouldering tombstones of her dead  
 Upon the living frown,  
 And sternly tell how death must tread  
 On noble and on clown.

'Tis thus no bards can tell in rhyme,  
 No chroniclers can write,  
 The wonders of her olden time,  
 The waxing of her might.

The minstrel's heart indeed may long  
 To search the Maori's lore,  
 And teach his harp a tuneless song,  
 Of Maori deeds of yore.

The legends of a savage race,  
 Handed from sire to son,  
 Boast, it is true, the savage grace  
 Of Vandal, Goth, and Hun.

Their greatest heroes and abodes  
 Are tigers in a den ;  
 And even their avenging Gods  
 Seem but the worst of men.

Coward in worship, mad in fight,  
 Cruel to wife and slave,  
 The savage knows no law but might,  
 Nor spares the weak and brave.

Few of the deeds which they have done  
 Are worthy of record ;  
 Small theme does glory they have won  
 To poetry afford.

What, then, shall patriot minstrels sing  
 Of our adopted land ?  
 What glorious testimony bring  
 Towards her honoured stand ?



Among her colonizers brave  
 Shall many a soul be found  
 To make the Southern wild and wave  
 Henceforth poetic ground !

Though buried bards have nobly told  
 Of heroes now no more,  
 And Death but lightly doth enfold  
 The memories of yore,—

From many a harp, as yet unstrung,  
 Each yet unuttered name  
 By unborn bards shall yet be sung,  
 And echoed on by Fame.

Heroic men and ages, dead,  
 Have had their poetry ;  
 What poet's brain shall weave the thread  
 Of ages now to be ?

Wherever in this onward world,  
 Floating o'er land or sea,  
 Britain's proud flag is once unfurled,  
 Some poetry must be.

For there will stalwart man maintain  
 The birthright of our race,  
 Doing heroic deeds again  
 With dignity and grace.

And woman's beauty will be there,  
 In form, in mind, in heart ;  
 To good and brave shall fond and fair  
 Their poetry impart.

Here lies a wild, scarce peopled land,  
 'Mid scarce adventured sea ;  
 Who can her future understand ?  
 Who sing her destiny ?

Behold her infant Parliaments,  
 New gems in Britain's crown,  
 Crushing, with labour's armaments,  
 The wildernesses down.

We need not dig up mouldering bones  
 Old ruins to improve ;  
 Here are no massive, fallen stones,  
 To hew again or move :

No venerable ivy clings  
 Stubborn where first it grew  
 Until the mattock sudden brings  
 Some hollow way to view :

No Roman wall or Danish camp  
 Obstructs the fittest line ;  
 No dyke or tower stands to cramp  
 The architect's design :

But free to choose both stone and spot,  
 Unfettered in our plan,  
 Whether a palace or a cot,  
 We may build all we can.

No prejudice of olden days  
 Shall grimly bar our way ;  
 No vested rights their phantoms raise  
 To scare us from their prey.

The customs of an untaught age  
 We left on England's shore ;  
 Old letter shall not blot our page  
 Of story any more.

Old feudal power we gladly leave  
 In mediæval gloom,  
 And our new destiny achieve  
 With knowledge in its room.

Our Argonauts shall shed no blood  
 To win the golden fleece ;  
 Our Minotaurs shall chew the cud  
 Of industry and peace.

Our cattle, on a hundred hills,  
 Shall honest booty gain ;  
 While ploughs and flails and humming mills  
 Are conquering the plain.

Our sunny sky, our grateful soil,  
 Shall offer homes and wealth  
 As glad reward to honest toil  
 In happiness and health.

The cottage and the busy farm  
 Shall rise at every span,  
 Where prudent thought and vigorous arm  
 Display the worth of man.

Our proudest cognizance shall be  
 A wilderness reclaimed ;  
 And by the future's heraldry  
 Our families be named.

Towns shall be built by wave and wood,  
 Where Art and Science dwell ;  
 And their achievements great and good  
 History's page shall tell.

Churches shall lofty spires upraise,  
 Where merry bells shall peal ;  
 And whence our daily prayer and praise  
 Shall up to Heaven steal.

And earnest clergy there shall be,  
 Winning respect and love,  
 By teaching us, untiringly,  
 To store our wealth above.

In town and village many a school  
 Shall make its cheerful din,  
 And many a learned teacher rule  
 Wide college-halls within.

Hedges, and paths, and thronged high roads  
 Shall stretch from place to place,  
 And England's trees to new abodes  
 Shall give a homely grace.

And steam shall fling his banner white  
 Over the wave and waste ;  
 While Echo trembles with affright  
 To hear his thundering haste.

The factory, the loom, the mine,  
 Shall soon perform their part ;  
 And Nature's bounty glad incline  
 To help from useful Art.

Our townsmen shall be stout and brave  
 As those of olden time,  
 And offer freedom to the slave  
 Of every race and clime.

No secret court, at dead of night,  
 Shall remedy their wrongs ;  
 But Justice, open-eyed, do right,  
 Before assembled throngs.

Our seats of learning shall not need  
 Protection from the sword ;  
 Our honoured teachers shall not bleed  
 For the Almighty's word.

Our tall cathedrals will not shade  
 Luxurious monks and priests ;  
 No sanctuaries shall be made  
 For sloth and idle feasts.

No outlaws shall in forest dell  
 Avoid a tyrant's steel ;  
 For all shall love the law too well  
 That guards the common weal.

No robbers, clad in knightly mail,  
 Shall terrify the poor ;  
 But equal right alike avail  
 The noble and the boor.

Henceforth, and here, the bad alone  
 Shall be esteemed a churl ;  
 His neighbour's friend shall title own  
 As great as any earl.

True chivalry shall lend her aid  
 True merit to declare ;  
 No craven shall a chief be made,  
 Whatever coat he wear.

And, in our peaceful tournament,  
 Shall wreaths from Beauty's hand  
 Crown the best friend and ornament  
 Of countrymen and land.

Or if, indeed, a truthful cause  
 Should need each modern knight,  
 We'll arm as champions of the laws,  
 Of Liberty and right!

Our ranks shall form, with hand and heart,  
 Invincible array;  
 Our God and Queen, each doing part  
 To honour and obey.

Let, then, ambition nerve the soul,  
 And courage fire the breast,  
 To make our country reach the goal,  
 Of all good lands the best.

Sons of New Zealand! ever so  
 May faith and hope abound,  
 And charity, 'mong high and low,  
 Be ever sought and found.

Kneeling, give thanks to God on high,  
 And this career pursue;  
 On earth increase and multiply,  
 Replenish and subdue!

E. J. W.

November, 1853.

### *The Poetry of Faith.*

"Faith sways the moonlight of the human tides."—ZARONI.

SIR E. L. BULWER LYTTON.

The dew's on the flower,  
 And life's in its prime,  
 The young morning hour  
 Is unsullied by time;

No gloom on the earth,  
 And no cloud in the sky,  
 For the sparkle of youth  
 Is still bright in the eye.

But the dew it will vanish,  
 The flower will decay,  
 And the rose-hues of morning  
 Will wither away ;  
 A gloom will hang over  
 The earth and the sky,  
 And youth never sparkle  
 Again in the eye.

Alas ! and they tell me  
 The world has grown cold,  
 The mart is its temple,  
 Its ruler is gold ;  
 I know 'tis defeatured  
 By shame and by ill ;  
 I know 'tis a ruin,  
 But beautiful still.

And I think, after life,  
 In some lovelier sphere,  
 We shall dream of the faces  
 That smiled on us here ;  
 And mem'ry will hallow  
 Each fault, as afar  
 We look down from our homes  
 In the bright little star.

And if of its glory  
 This bright earth be reft,  
 Yet why should we sorrow,  
 For heaven is still left ?  
 A shadow may rest on  
 What now is so fair ;  
 The heavens may be darkened,  
 But God is still there.

CANTAB.

February, 1853.

## The Lay of the last Registered Dog. (°)

---

TEN BOB to his friends, dogs, horses, and men,  
 Sends growling and takes up his very best pen  
 To describe how his health has been falling away  
 Since these horrid elections have carried the sway.  
 Before any writs had arrived from the North,  
 I could rise every morning and freely go forth,  
 Without smile from the vicar, or snarl from the mob,  
 Like a free, independent, and easy Ten Bob :  
 But no sooner had Governor Greyhound's despatch  
 Appointed the days for each course of the match,  
 Than all former connexions were thrown to the wind ;  
 No two dogs in the country could bark in one mind ;  
 No dog knew his master, no man knew his dog,  
 And our puppies were lost in political fog !  
 The Superintendent's election came first ;  
 Some thought one dog best, and some thought him the worst ;  
 But at length it was left to three claimants alone  
 To fight for the Government collar and bone.  
 The first was a dog of undoubted renown,  
 Who had long kept a watch in our waterside town ;  
 By the name on his collar his sires had seen  
 Many fights with the wild wolves in Ireland green.  
 The second, a bloodhound of Norman descent,  
 Whose forefathers once to the Holy Land went ;  
 And 'tis thought in his heart a good portion there lurks  
 Of the courage his ancestors show'd to the Turks.  
 The third, a Scotch terrier, stricken in years ;  
 " Who," some saucy dog screamed in my wondering ears,  
 " Though often in battle, yet never was wounded,  
 " And still is alive although once he was drowned !"  
 Now the two first went off, much like weasels asleep,  
 In the desert to watch over cattle and sheep ;  
 And the terrier came forward, as wise as an owl,  
 And his mongrel assembly raised up a loud howl :—  
 " See how bravely our dog wears his ribbons and collars ;  
 " See what very nice bones for each bully that follows !  
 " Cheap kennels ! cheap bones ! of short commons no danger !  
 " All dogs, if they please, shall be dogs-in-the-manger !  
 " Those other two hounds do not merit your bark ;  
 " They are seeking to give you a bite in the dark ;  
 " And to mock you by sending for *men* who wear tails,

" Who *curtail* in small shoes their young ladies' toenails,  
 " Can't say 'bow-wow' in English, eat rice grown in bogs,  
 " Which they flavour with birds' nests and fat little dogs!  
 " If they sent for a troop of industrious fleas,  
 " 'Twere not half such a curse as the horrid Chinese!"  
 Away stayed the bloodhound, and back came the watch-dog,  
 But almost too late to outflank the old Scotch dog;  
 Till at length the poor terrier was fairly outbid,  
 When his foe snubbed Celestials as other dogs did,  
 Then we underwent flattery, threats and defiance,  
 Unfriendly disruption, unholy alliance,  
 Nonsensical claptrap, in sounding orations,  
 And unconstitutional Associations.  
 Every wretched dog's life was a dog's life indeed;  
 For, whether of spaniel or pig-hunting breed,  
 He was sure to be fawned on or barked at all day;  
 The cupboard was bare if he voted one way,  
 Since his master had threatened to give him the sack;  
 If he didn't he'd cold shoulder get from the pack;  
 How to judge, though for judgment a regular Daniel,  
 Whether best one should vote with the bull-dog or spaniel?  
 We changed our opinions and changed them again,  
 As much like vain dogs as a vessel's dog-vane.  
 How it ended I really don't know and don't care,  
 For I soon got as cross as a sore-headed bear;  
 And I grumble whenever I hear the bare name  
 Of the head of the poll or electoral claim.  
 I assure all my friends it's my dogged desire  
 All placards and addresses were stuffed in the fire;  
 And I vote that some Governor, Beadle, or King,  
 Be appointed at once to dissolve the whole thing!

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, they tell me that not such bad dogs after all,  
 Have been chosen for each empty kennel and stall;  
 My humour and health both begin to feel better,  
 So I'll just give the members, to finish my letter,  
 Advice which one candidate boldly defied,  
 (Although Wellington's own, as the very best guide  
 To a youthful M.P. for the house that he sate in)—  
 " Know your mind! Mind you speak it! and never quote  
 Latin!"

E. J. W.

September, 1853.



# Proclamation

OF THE COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS OF NEW ZEALAND.

Whereas I, the Governor, still have the right  
To make laws, and give orders for every known thing ;  
And Acts are mere cobwebs while mine is the might !  
Now this is the will of your Deputy-King !

The Treasurers all shall be dressed in dark *grey*,  
With a leech on the collar, and a sponge on the wrist ;  
And a gold-digger's jumper to wear on pay-day,  
Bedizened all over with strong silver twist.

All Crown Land Commissioners henceforth shall wear  
A *rouge-et-noir* coat, with dice for the buttons ;  
• At a thimble-rig table from Bartlemy fair  
Distributing runs to good owners of muttons.

Their Surveyors, jackets of fanciful hue,  
Very loose, and cut out of a pretty sketch-map ;  
Their tools and their boots shall be shining and new ;  
They shall sit on a stool, near a peg for their cap.

Representative men shall wear night-caps of wool,  
And warm flannel jackets like players at cricket,  
For fear their ambition should sicken and cool,  
While they fag all around me and I keep the wicket.

And if they turn rusty with nothing to do,  
Since I put off their innings beyond next December,  
They may play out their honours at whist or at loo ;  
For while I am the belly who cares for a member ?

The life-nominees shall wear long-faced bell-toppers,  
And plumes of white feathers to hide their disgrace ;  
Their coats shall be turned, and their pockets be woppers,  
To hold solid smiles from my Majesty's face.

I myself wear chain-mail, as a sign of my reign,  
The bold leader and chief of this glittering band ;  
And the King of six Provinces still shall obtain  
His throne from dear rule, and his *crowns* from cheap land.

E. J. W.

September, 1853.

Canterbury in September, 1853.

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As when a stream, long chafing to be free  
 From narrowing banks that do its course refrain,  
 From rocky islet's intercepting chain,  
 And tangled over-growth and drifting tree,  
 Forth bursts at length from dull obscurity,  
 And sweeps majestic through a boundless plain ;  
 So have I seen an infant State remain  
 Long trammel'd by obstructive policy,  
 Misgovernment, official prejudice ;  
 Numb'd by suspense, and chill'd by mystery.  
 At length free scope is giv'n. I see it rise  
 Strong, active, self-reliant. May we see,  
 Who watch thy course with loving, anxious eyes,  
 Thy promise ripen to maturity!

J.

September, 1853.

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"Greece is, where the Greeks are."

---

"'Tis Greece, where Greeks do dwell !" So spake and thought  
 That ancient race. The isle-embroidered sea  
 Was sprinkled with their towns ; lo ! spreading free  
 One Greece in many lands. May we be taught  
 By them to love our country as we ought !  
 'Tis not thy soil, O England ! nor thy scenes,  
 Though oft on these home-wand'ring Fancy leans ;  
 'Tis not alone th' historic fervour caught  
 From old association ; not thy marts,  
 Nor e'en thy grey cathedrals, nor thy wells  
 Of ancient learning, though for these our hearts  
 May fondly yearn ; true love of country tells  
 A better tale—thy Church, thy laws, thy arts !  
 'Tis England where an English spirit dwells.

J.

November, 1853.

## The Avon.

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"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium."—HOM.

---

I love thee, Avon! though thy banks have known  
 No deed of note, thy wand'ring course along  
 No bard of Avon hath pour'd forth in song  
 Thy tuneful praise; thy modest tide hath flown  
 For centuries on, unheeded and alone.

I love thee for thy English name, but more  
 Because my countrymen along thy shore  
 Have made new homes. Therefore not all unknown  
 Henceforth thy streams shall flow. A little while  
 Shall see thy wastes grow lovely. Not in vain  
 Shall England's sons dwell by thee many a mile.  
 With verdant meads and fields of waving grain  
 Thy rough uncultur'd banks ere long shall smile;  
 Heav'n-pointing spires shall beautify thy plain.

J.

January, 1854.

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## An Historical Picture.

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Behold, O England! from thy sea-girt throne  
 The daughter-nations gath'ring to thy feet;  
 From East and West, from North and South they meet,  
 Those thou hast rear'd, and claimest for thine own:  
 Bid them draw near, survey them one by one;—  
 See, last of all before thee trembling stoop  
 The youngest daughter of the circling group.  
 By filial look and close resemblance known—  
 She kneels before thee and thy blessing seeks!  
 Heir of thy glorious past, she craves to be  
 Heir of thy virtues, all that Hist'ry speaks  
 Of brave, large-hearted, noble, wise in thee,  
 Thy Truth, thy Justice, and that Light which streaks  
 Thy foulest page, thy native Piety.

J.

April, 1854.

## The Battle of Sinope.

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“*Assyrios complexa sinus stat Opima Sinope.*”—VAL. FLACC.

---

Wellnigh two thousand years have sped their flight  
 Since the proud Roman trod beneath his feet  
 Thy wealth, Sinope! thy sea bord'ring street,  
 Strew'd with barbaric spoil, confess'd the might  
 Of the world's victors. Still untamed in fight,  
 The Pontic hero all undaunted stood,  
 A rock unmov'd amidst a whelming flood.  
 Once more Sinope mourns a tearful sight;  
 The Northern Eagle swoops, his wrath to wreak  
 In savage fury on his helpless prey.  
 God help thee, England, to defend the weak!  
 Who groan beneath Oppression's scorching ray  
 Thy island-covert shall not vainly seek;  
 The Tyrant shall not prosper in his day.

J.

May, 1854.

[NOTE.—Sinope, the scene of the late sea-fight, if it may be so called, between the Russians and the Turks, fills a page in ancient history, having been taken by the Roman general Lucullus, in the war with Mithridates, the heroic King of Pontus, the most obstinate of all the antagonists of Rome. It was taken in the year 71 B.C. Sinope is also famous as the birth-place of Diogenes the Cynic. It is singular that it should have retained its ancient name to the present day, when it has become the theatre of an event more remarkable in itself, and more important in its consequences.]

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## Tobacco.

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Upon his mouth may curses fall;  
 May it be dead to savour;  
 His mellow fruits be cinders dry,  
 His wines devoid of flavour;  
 His bread be sawdust in his jaws,  
 And may his teeth, so black, oh,  
 Turn all his sweets to bitter sour—  
 The wretch who chews tobacco!

Upon his nose may curses light ;  
 May odours never charm it ;  
 May garden flowers and woods and bowers  
 Yield noxious scents to harm it ;  
 May all Arabia's spice exhale  
 Foul gas to make it suffer,  
 Who makes a dusthole of his mouth—  
 The vile tobacco-snuffer !

May never lady press his lips,  
 His proffered love returning,  
 Who makes a furnace of his mouth,  
 And keeps its chimney burning !  
 May each true woman shun his sight,  
 For fear his fumes might choke her ;  
 And none but hags, who smoke themselves,  
 Have kisses for a smoker !

February, 1855.

~~~~~  
 Charades on Unpopular Subjects. (?)

No. 1.

—  
 "Here we go up, up, up."  
 —

The morning is all sunshine,  
 The bridal guests are met ;  
 But the Father frets, the Mother fumes,  
 For the bridegroom comes not yet.  
 He's here, and from the saddle  
 With joyous haste he springs,  
 And on his charger's glossy neck  
*My first*, impatient, flings.

The bonds that ne'er are broken  
 Have joined those twain in one ;  
 The words of blessing spoken—  
 And from the church they're gone.  
 Oh ! blest in youth, and hope, and love,  
 May years fleet by as hours ;  
 And all good Powers unite to strew  
*Your second* with life's flowers.

The mother gazes after  
 With tears she fain would hide,  
 As lessening in her straining sight  
 Those two beloved ones ride.  
 I hear a plunge, a scream, a fall—  
 And vain is human aid ;  
 Among the pitfalls of my *whole*  
 That bride is lowly laid.

## ANSWER.

And pray what may the riddle mean ?  
 I pray, kind reader, tell.  
 It hath an answer dark, I ween,  
 And deep as hidden well.  
 What is it makes the cross more cross,  
 And stirs the meek to wrath ?  
 What but the holes, and pits, and ruts  
 That stud our *Bridle Path*.

S. R.

August, 1856.

## No. 2.

“ An old tale, and often told.”

Sir Hugh he had passed a restless night—  
 He woke at the earliest touch of light,  
 One fair and frosty morning ;  
 The sun was rising—all earth seemed gay ;  
 And *my first*, bedecking each blade and spray,  
 Shone bright in the glorious dawning ;  
 “ My life,” quoth he, “ is very slow,”  
 I’m weary of sheep, and smoke, and sighs,  
 The sky is as blue as Ellen’s eyes,  
 The road and its dangers I’ll despise,  
 And to Christchurch I will go.”

Merrily on through flax and sand,  
 Merrily over the fern-grown land,  
 He rode with a loosened rein !  
 Firmly and fleetly his charger trode  
 As he neared his lady-love’s abode ;

And nor care nor stay did his heart forbode,  
 Till he came to where a Government road  
     Traversed the swampy plain ;  
 A moment he paused, for he oft had heard  
 How that road grew worse the more it was stirred,  
     And with damage and danger was strowed ;  
 But he thought of his coat so spick and span,  
 And the boots he had blacked with his "ain richt  
     han',"   
 And he looked at the swamp—unhappy man !  
     And onward, alas ! he rode.  
 Perchance had he known that a week before  
     That luckless road was "mended,"  
 The doubts with which his mind ran o'er  
     Far otherwise had ended.

But nothing knew he—that wight so green—  
 How manuka branches,<sup>(s)</sup> with holes between,  
 Far down in the mud had plunged been,  
 A pitfall for man and beast I ween !  
 So on he rode towards fair Ellen's home,  
     And on welcome kind he reckoned,—  
 When his horse gave one plunge and then stood still,  
     . In despair to achieve *my second*.

No more do I know ; whether out he came ;  
 Or on what, or whom they laid the blame  
 Of rider in tatters, and steed dead lame,  
     From Ellen and oats debarred !  
 I know but that, while in the mud so soft  
     He bewailed his fate so hard,  
*My whole* came by on a dray aloft,  
     And indited this charade.

S. R.

September, 1856.

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 No. 3.
 

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"Leave that wreath to wither upon the cold bank there."

—T. H. BAYLEY.

With eager speed along the plain  
 A youth and maiden ride ;  
 Fondly on her his gaze is bent  
 Unheeding aught beside.

Unseen, far down the glorious west,  
 The summer sunset glows ;  
 Unnoted, to the evening breeze  
 My *first* its fragrance throws.

He speaks at length.—And art thou then  
 Mine own for grief and glee ;  
 And wilt thou never once regret  
 The wealth thou leav'st for me ?  
 My *second* is a lowly home  
 For one so fair as thou ;  
 But love shall smooth thy path, and chase  
 Each furrow from thy brow.

They near my *whole*—that barrier past,  
 Pursuit they may defy ;  
 Oh, joy ! to see its waters gleam  
 Beneath the star-lit sky.  
 Why weeps the bride, her perils o'er ?  
 Whence comes that boding sigh ?  
 Alas ! upon the further shore  
 The punt lies high and dry !

#### MORAL.

ADDRESSED TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

'Tis true, you may say,  
 That for once in a way  
 The Ferryman's care was all right.  
 For a run-away pair,  
 Whether here or elsewhere,  
 Deserve to be stopped in their flight.

But remember, I pray,  
 In this fabulous lay  
 I have dwelt but on what *might* accrue ;  
 While the plague and the loss,  
 We all know to our cost,  
 Are both real, important, and true.

The butcher, the baker,  
 The candlestick maker,



All find it detestable, very ;  
 For their mutton grows bad,  
 And their bread becomes sad,  
 While they wait at the *Heathcote* Ferry !

S. R.

September, 1856.

## No. 4.

"It's as true as taxes is—and nothing's truer than them."

The sky is bright, the breeze is fair ;  
 With mainsail flowing free  
 And lifelike grace, a gallant bark  
 Is bounding o'er the sea.  
 What seeks *my first* across that azure deep ?  
 Would he his soul in dreams of beauty steep  
 'Mid the green isles of glittering tropic seas ?  
 Or is his pennon waving in the breeze  
 To prove that England's lion does not sleep,  
 But over English homes a watch doth keep,  
 Guarding her hearths ev'n in the hour of peace ?  
 Oh ! no ! he seeks a distant shore  
 With heart intent on gold ;  
 A long percentage in his head,  
 And blue shirts in his hold !

They near the coasts of sunny France,  
*My second* to descry :  
 An islet crowned by one dark mass  
 Of frowning masonry.\*  
 And many a tale the captain tells  
 Of captives in its gloomy cells  
 Shut from the light of day ;  
 Prisoners untried—their guilt unproved,  
 Torn from their homes and all they loved,  
 To pine their lives away.

\* A nautical reader may suggest the grave practical inconvenience of making the Chateau d'If on a voyage from Gravesend to Lyttelton. That was the Captain's affair.

The port is gained—no buyers come ;  
 He speaks, his venture ruing,  
 " Can this be busy Lyttelton ?  
 What are the Customs doing ? (°)  
 Why don't they ' clear ' my shirts so blue,  
 So fit for every station ? "  
 Alack ! two thousand cocoa-nuts  
 Have found them occupation !  
 With yard-wands stretched and brows perplexed,  
 They seek their cubic measure,  
 To " square the circle " striving still  
 In most profound displeasure.  
 And " Cease," they cry, " to tempt our view  
 With fustian strong and serge of blue  
 We cannot—dare not—buy :  
*My whole* ordains that by their weight,  
 And not their worth, unto the state  
 All things their tribute pay ;  
 And we, concealing all our ire,  
 On light things fixing our desire,  
 Must learn to ' walk in silk attire '  
 From pure economy . "

S. R.

September, 1856.

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 No. 5.
 

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" Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high."—G. HERBERT.

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We left our homes with hearts elate,  
 Utopian visions dreaming ;  
 " Adieu," we cried, " to tax and rate,  
 Adieu to wrangling and debate,  
 Adieu to strife 'twixt Church and State,  
 And welcome hope and freedom !"  
 As brothers all we meant to live,  
 To age, and birth, and wisdom give  
 The honour each beseeching ;  
 And feed our woolly flocks in peace,  
 Till they grew betimes to a golden fleece,  
 On Union Banks bright gleaming !

Alas! alack! the space how far  
 'Twixt things that seem and things that are,  
     Stern truth and the mind's bright phantom!  
 Our beautiful church is tumbling down, <sup>(10)</sup>  
 And over its relics we fight and frown,  
     In a manner far from handsome;  
 While the road that we planned from town to town,  
 (At the cost of three miles for ten thousand poun');  
*May* be done—if between whiles we're not done brown—  
     In the time of our son's son's grandson.

And for fleece of gold—(Oh! prince of flames)!  
 Sure ne'er, since the time of Cromwell's Lambs,  
     Were sheep so contumacious;  
 They won't stay at home—they won't be shorn,—  
 To plague out our lives they were surely born,  
     Their ways are so audacious!  
 They're always to seek when guests are met,  
 And mutton is wanted, or weather is wet;  
     And, last and worst, the scab they get,  
     And we're fined by Inspectors grim;  
 And poor "Fair Play" is called hard names,  
 Because he objects to various games  
     Which don't play fair by him!  
 In short, the thing I'm doing now,  
 And which you, who read with bended brow,  
     Are going to do at me,  
*My first*, which we do *sans* pause or rest,  
 Is the thing of things which we do the best  
     In this pattern colony.

And yet I see the time will come  
 When this, our new and distant home,  
     Shall be glorious, great, and free;  
 Great in the glory of mighty sons,  
     Free with the one true freedom,  
 (The liberty demagogues never know,  
     Alas—that our voters heed 'em!)  
 The freedom which gives and will ever show  
 Respect for the good and great below;  
 Nor—though its own talents be but so-so—  
 Deems (like them) each wiser man its foe.  
 I know that the day shall dawn at last,

When, petty strifes and cavils past,  
     We all shall work together ;  
 When New Zealand's swamps shall laugh with corn,  
     In her joyous summer weather ;  
 When we travellers, not as now forlorn,  
     In fear to lose *my second*,  
 Shall be borne on *my whole* across her plains,  
 With wheels for a charger, and steam for reins,  
     Wherever a wish has beckoned ;  
 When the hateful "nobbler" shall be forgot,  
 (That snare to our voters "scot and lot,")  
 And we smoke our pipes o'er a cheerful pot  
     Of home-brewed ale, blithe humming !  
 So reader kind, unbend your brow,  
 And let me make my parting bow  
     To the tune of "A good time coming."

S. R.

November, 1856.

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 No. 6.
 

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"Look on this picture, and on this."

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I slept—and back to England's shore  
     My gladsome fancy roved ;  
 And my free feet trod her daisied sod  
     'Mid the scenes and the friends I loved :  
 And I marvelled much at each proof of might,  
 For, so long unseen, each common sight—  
 Each road, and carriage, and gas-lamp bright—  
     Was a wonder fresh for me.  
 But the marvel that left me dumb-founded quite  
 Was a genuine May Fair Exquisite,  
 With his shiny boots, and his hand so white,  
 : And his wondrous self-elation ;  
 And his coat (oh ! garment of little ease !)  
 So guiltless of wrinkle, line, or crease,  
 That he might have been from nose to knees  
 Done up in boards—like a bungling piece  
     Of Colonial legislation !  
 In sooth, this Knight of ladies gay,  
     This kind of carpet Bayard,

Was scented and curled in such a way  
 That at sight of him my thoughts would stray  
 Far back to Assyria's palmy day,  
 And *my first*, as described in Tennyson's lay,  
 Or "imported neat" by Layard.

Once more I dreamed, and now again  
 I stood on our Canterbury Plain ;—

He stood beside me there.

But oh ! how changed ; where that bright vest ?  
 That faultless coat and padded chest ?

Sad echo answers " Where ? "

Gone is his hat so tall and trim ;

A wide-awake with half a brim

Conceals *my second* now ;

As broken in fortune, but stout of limb,

(For misfortune has made a man of him !)

He drives *my whole* his bread to win,

Or sometimes speeds the plough.

And " Oh," he cries, " that our Government roads

" Were like our Government laws !

" For in *them* you can drive your coach and six

" With ease through every clause ;

" While in *these* my dray with its team of ten

" Is doomed to stick and pause ;

" Till I wish our Councillors wise were here

" To enjoy the mess they cause ;

" No help would I give but a loud *Hear ! hear !*

" And '*laughter*' and '*much applause*.' "

S. R.

December, 1856.

## No. 7.

" Oh ! dear ! how shall I marry me ?  
 Oh ! dear ! how shall I woo ? "

Within a stately English home

A maiden fair I see ;

" She is bright and young, and her glory comes

Of an ancient ancestry ; "

Gentle and graceful and beautiful,  
 In wealth and luxury nurst,  
 Her every gesture, look, and tone,  
 Bespeak *my* highborn *first*.

Before her bends a form I know,  
 Though he is greatly changed  
 Since from his far New Zealand home  
 His wandering steps have ranged ;  
 For he is drest in Stultz's best,  
 As you may plainly see,  
 And, instead of fustian, broad-cloth fine  
 Arrays his bended knee.

But the face is the same, and 'tis one I ween  
 A maiden may love to see,  
 With its bright dark eye and chestnut curls  
 And smile so frank and free ;  
 Then why doth my first contract her brow  
 As thus he tells *my second* ;  
 As she would say—"Sir guest, I trow,  
 If you thought in me to find a "vrow"  
 Without your host you reckoned."

"Oh dearest, fairest, best of all,  
 Say, wilt thou fly with me  
 Across two oceans' silvery foam,  
 My bride and my pride to be?  
 I know that your voice is clear and sweet  
 As the swan's last fabled lay,  
 And your step in the dance as light and fleet  
 As Ellsler or Duvernay.  
 I know you can draw with ease and skill  
 Men, cattle, flowers, and fences,  
 And 'bosky bourne' and pebbly rill,  
 And likewise—inferences.  
 But can you 'call the cattle home,'  
 And dance the dance they'll lead you?  
 And can your skill 'fine-draw' my coat  
 If rents perchance should need you?  
 Oh, can you china leave for delf?  
 Or—what I own is harder—  
 Say, can you 'lady's maid' yourself?

And, while you *hook* your dress behind,  
Still keep an *eye* before, and mind  
The pantry and the larder ?

" And can you roast, and boil, and bake,  
And dainty bread with soda make ?

For, though I myself don't pamper,  
Still if, whene'er the yeast turns sour,  
Your bonny brow begins to lower,

My *Fair* will prove a *damp*er.  
But, if these trifles you can learn,  
Likewise to starch, and iron, and churn,

Nor fear to cross the sea ;  
Then, dearest, fairest, best of all,  
*Then* may'st thou fly with me,  
And reign my Queen in kitchen and hall,  
My *whole* for aye to be ! "

S. R.

December, 1866.

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### No. 8.

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" While sages prate and courts debate  
The same stars set and shine ;  
And the world as it rolled through Twenty Eight  
Will roll through Twenty Nine."—PRAED.

---

The Council is summoned, the Speaker is there,  
And our law-givers wise are met  
With potent, grave, and reverend air,  
In expectation set.

Oh ! had I the brush of a Douw or Vandyke,  
Of Lawrence, or Phillips, or even Van Eyck,  
(He who paints his old ladies so nice and so like,)

Or a cast-off pen of Macaulay—  
I might show how they look'd, and what they said ;  
How the wise ones dosed or the paper read ;

And the busy ones came away,  
Each armed with a mighty paper scroll,  
(*My first*) done up in portentous roll,

Containing his private project fine  
For the cure of every want and crime,

Each social need of the place and time ;  
     One by means of a tramway line  
         From everywhere to nowhere ;  
 And one for suppressing drunkenness,  
     Enacting—to save all labour—  
 That whenever a colonist takes too much  
     We should straightway fine his neighbour.  
 In short, so much of *my first* was there  
     That our profoundest thinkers  
 Seemed to me (Oh, pardon this idle rhyme!)  
 Like twopenny postmen at Christmas time,  
     Or some new sort of Ornithorhynchus.  
 But now the time will soon be here  
     When, no longer fancy free,  
 But sorry at heart and sick at head,  
 Bumping about on a villainous bed  
     Till *my second* they'll surely be,  
 The chosen few o'er *my whole* shall steer,  
 From Lyttelton jetty to Manakau pier,  
     In the famous "Zingari ;"  
 Where I hope, though I scarcely dare to think,  
 (For I can't quite all probabilities blink)  
 They won't make such a mess of their statesmanship ;  
 That they may be glad at home to stay  
 In peace and quiet for many a day,  
     From the cares of office free.

S. R.

December, 1856.

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### A Lay of the Sumner Road. (11)

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"The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order."—SYDNEY SMITH's letters on Railways.

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I,

It was a goodly muster  
 Upon a Monday morn,  
 When the Council in a cluster  
 Went to view that road forlorn.



On Sunday night each quaking man  
 Had gather'd round him all his clan,  
 A long, a last farewell had said,  
 And then despairing went to bed.

## II.

But the thought came with the morrow,—  
 Is this our valour's worth?  
 Shall our hearts be sunk in sorrow  
 When our country calls us forth?  
 We'll brave the point of Moabone;  
 And, reckless of each falling stone,  
 Each quivering bog, each dizzy crag,  
 Boldly we'll march on legs or nag.

## III.

The valiant vow is utter'd;  
 The gallant deed is done;  
 Though many a bosom flutter'd,  
 The Ferry Punt is won.  
 Of all that noble Council train  
 Not one is in a quagmire slain!  
 Not one is carrion on the wild!  
 Not one is lost to wife or child!

## IV.

Oh! on that famous morning,  
 Had but one member died!  
 None could have missed the warning  
 Which from his body hied:—  
 "The road is doom'd." But now, alas!  
 We must go round by Evans' pass,  
 Because no hero, all on fire,  
 Like Marcus Curtius, would expire.

## V.

What! is there no "brave Roland,  
 The flower of chivalry?"  
 Not one in all this slow land  
 Who'll die to set us free?

Methinks I hear a whisp'ring sigh,—  
 'Oh! no, we *never will say die!*'  
 Ah! treach'rous boast! ye recreant ten!  
*Say die* for once, and die like men.

## VI.

Go, Patriots, call a quorum,  
 And be this your battle cry :—  
 "Est dulce et decorum  
 Pro Bridle-path mori!"  
 Meet! spout! divide, and pick your man!  
 Send him to glory while you can!  
 And this shall be his requiem grim,  
 "We smash'd the road, for it smash'd him."

G. C.

December, 1856.

~~~~~  
Acrostic Charade.—  
THE WORDS.

Land renowned in song and story,  
 With wide empire for thy meed,  
 Stooping from thine ancient glory,  
 Hear thy youngest infant plead.

Send her guardians, send her nurses,  
 For her mind's and body's health;  
 Send her men with well filled purses,  
 To explore her hidden wealth.

Send her earnest workers, who will  
 Make her worthy thy renown;  
 She will be a sparkling jewel  
 In thy radiant triple crown.

## THE LETTERS.

Down Cook's fat cheeks I cause salt tears to roll.  
 I fill with anguish her romantic soul.  
 The fairies sip me from the wild hedge rose.  
 In my dark depths a goblin furnace glows.  
 I fill whole pages of some modern books.

I make the village gay with happy looks.  
 At the garden gate I comb my milk-white steed.  
 A graceful tree with an unpleasant seed.  
 On Hastings' field I laid poor Harold low.  
 And in earth's secret caves I brightly glow.

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## SOLUTION.

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### THE WORDS.

*Old England* is a glorious land,  
 Renown'd in song and story ;  
 The sun, that sets not on her strand,  
 Shines brightly on her glory.

And sympathy the strong and brave  
 Must feel for every free land ;  
 A helping hand across the wave  
 She'll lend to far *New Zealand*.

### THE LETTERS.

*Onion* she'll send with tearful glance  
 (Of *Love* affecting token),  
 And mountain *Dew* shall make ye dance  
 Like witches that on broomsticks prance  
 To meet on *Erz* of Broken !

And graceful *Nonsense*, grave or gay,  
 To pass the merry *Gala* day ;  
 Of *Lovel's* fate the tragic lay,  
 And tale of battle, ghost, or fay,  
 Sweet, whether sung or spoken.

And English hearts are with us now  
 While wandering 'neath the *Acacia* bough,  
 In moonlight, memory-haunted ;  
 Or in the shade of giant oak  
 (Exempt as yet from dock-yard stroke)  
 By some grim *Norman* planted.

And when in halls with holly dight,  
 Where youthful eyes, as *Diamonds* bright,

Run o'er for very gladness :  
 The ponderous yule-log as it burns  
 Our vacant places shows, and turns  
 Their mirth to musing sadness.

October, 1857.

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Provincial Parodies.

No. 1.

RAILROADIOR. (1<sup>st</sup>)

---

Provincial funds were falling fast,  
 When to the Council Chamber passed  
 A man who held, in red tape tied,  
 A paper with this word outside—  
                     Railroadior!

His mouth half grinned; his eye, with a wink,  
 Flashed like a blot of bright red ink;  
 And, like a song by Grisi sung,  
 This word flowed from his well-oiled tongue—  
                     “Railroadior!”

In members' eyes he saw the doubt,  
 The objection to his scheme peep out.  
 Within, THE GRAND IDEA shone,  
 And he replied, still pressing on,—  
                     “Railroadior!”

“Try not the tramway,” old hands said,  
 “Loose hang the boulders over head;  
 The work is long, and the cost is high;”  
 “Hang the expense” was his reply;  
                     “Railroadior!”

“Oh! stay thee,” Christchurch cried, and pend  
 Thy surplus cash upon this end!”  
 A mental thumb went to his nose,  
 In mute reply this word he shows—  
                     “Railroadior.”

"Beware the road along the tide!  
 Beware the hole in the hill's inside!"  
 This was the public's parting prayer.  
 A voice said, with an off-hand air,—  
 "Railroadior."

As, at the end of many a year,  
 The then Provincial Engineer  
 Surveyed the long-projected track,  
 A sheet blew by, with printed back,—  
 "Railroadior."

A tramway, where the new road wound,  
 Half buried in the soil was found!  
 And on a stick, with red tape tied,  
 A paper with this word outside,—  
 "Railroadior."

There, in the midst of rocks and clay,  
 Useless but wonderful it lay;  
 And scornful voices echoed far,  
 From Christchurch to the Sumner bar,—  
 "Railroadior!"

C. W.

October, 1856.

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 No. 2.
 

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 THE STRUGGLE OF PAPANUI.
 

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At Christchurch, at the dawn of day,  
 All mudless stood the unloaded dray;  
 And in the stockyard, near it, lay  
 Eight bullocks, waiting patiently.

The driver thought it not so nice  
 That afternoon, when clocks struck twice,  
 Plunging in swamps and mud-stained ice,  
 The deepness of the axle-tree.

In slush and quagmire 'fast as nails'  
 The oxen lash their muddy tails ;  
 But furious still the driver flails,  
 And double-thongs unceasingly.

Then plunge the steers to anger driven,  
 Then snaps the pole with plunges riven ;  
 And, louder than these noises even,  
 Sharp cracks the whipcord stingingly.

But heavier yet that whip must drop  
 On mud-stuck oxen, neck and crop ;  
 And longer yet that dray must stop,  
 Imbedded to its axle-tree.

'Tis road. But scarce the stoutest one  
 Can ford the mud-lake rolling dun ;  
 Where artful drains that wrong-way run  
 Pour down their waters constantly !

The quagmire thickens ; on ye pack !  
 Through slimy swamps and spongy track.  
 Crack, driver, all thy whipcord crack !  
 And shout with all thy ribaldry !

Few, few will cart, such holes to meet !  
 Each swamp will lower the price of wheat ;  
 And every road be called a feat  
 Of Government perversity.

C. W.

November, 1856.

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 No. 3.
 

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# ROAD LINES, (1<sup>st</sup>)

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Believe me, if all those tremendous big holes,  
 Which I view on thy causeway to-day,  
 Were to-morrow bridged over with scrub and with poles,  
 And craftily covered with clay,

Thou would'st still be no use, as this moment thou art,  
 Let the Government say as they will,  
 For thy precious zig-zags are too steep for a cart,  
 And we're hopeless of holes in thy hill.

C. W.

November, 1856.

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 No. 4.
 

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 THE TOWN OF CHRISTCHURCH. (14)
 

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ARR.—“Groves of Blarney.”

---

Oh! the Town of Christchurch  
 Is an elegant mixture  
 Of roads and pasture  
     And swamp and sand;  
 So widely stretching  
 In each direction,  
 From Brittan's section  
     To Caulfield's land.

Oh! fifty twenties  
 The whole extent is  
 Of English acres,  
     All in a square;  
 And plenty of space is  
 In the vacant places,  
 With patches of praties  
     Lying here and there.

Oh! when you enter  
 You're in the centre  
 Of houses in plenty  
     On every hand;  
 There's more than twenty,  
 Both full and empty,  
 And the Superintendent's  
     Is very grand.

And there's public houses,  
 Where whoever chooses  
 Walks in and carouses  
     On the best of fare ;  
 But the distant Royal  
 Is, without denial,  
 The biggest of all,  
     Beyond compare.

And there's many a mansion  
 Of grand expansion ;  
 And some I could mention,  
     That couldn't be beat ;  
 And there's tidy villas  
 With weeping willows,  
 And one with pillars  
     In Cashel Street.

Oh! that's the location  
 That's the admiration  
 Of the population  
     Both far and wide ;  
 For in two rows neatly,  
 All down the street, the  
 Houses stand in it,  
     On every side.

And there's loud resounding  
 From the iron foundry ;  
 And the Union Bank  
     Has an office there ;  
 And there's Mister Packer,  
 And there once was Thacker ;  
 But Doctor Barker  
     Is in Cathedral Square.

Now them that governs  
 This noble province  
 Has a gorgeous office  
     That you'll quite admire;



But the way into the building  
Is most bewildering,  
So the officials and children  
Slip through the wires ;

And there there's verandahs  
Above two of the windows ;  
But the other end is  
Entirely bare ;  
And there's a big sun-dial  
Stuck up for a trial  
How long the sky 'll  
Continue fair.

Now the rooms are spacious  
And multifarious ;  
The chief secretary is  
Under the tiles ;  
But the elegant chamber  
Of the legislature  
Is the grandest feature  
Of this noble pile.

And a new and grand set  
Stands over against it,  
(Though they're not commenced yet,)  
On the other side  
Of the River Avon,  
That through flax leaves waving  
Is the water-cresses laving  
With her silver tide.

But long is the narration  
Of the situation,  
Which my poor genius  
Can not entwine :  
But were I the writer  
Of the Christchurch paper,  
'Tis in every feature  
I would make it shine.

C. W.

December, 1857.

---

 BALLAD OF THE ANCIENT MEMBER. (15)
 

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"Quorum pars magna fui."

---

AIR—"Ben Bolt."

---

Oh! don't you remember FitzGerald, my boy?  
 FitzGerald who used so to tease;  
 Who soaped us all down when we ventured to frown,  
 And frown'd when we most wish'd to please.  
 The wind blows fresh on FitzGerald, my boy,  
 As he ploughs through the salt sea foam;  
 Oh! I'd like to ship for the same sort of trip,  
 And be paid, my old boy, to go home!

Oh! don't you remember the chamber, my boy,  
 Our first Parliamentary Shop?  
 With the skylights above, and the four bare walls,  
 And the rain pouring in from the top.  
 There bills we could quietly pass, my boy;  
 And bills we could quietly shelve;  
 But now we've to mix among twenty and six,  
 Instead of the olden twelve.

And don't you remember J. B——n, my boy,  
 The eloquent Secreta-ry?  
 Who managed things here after turning you out,  
 And was then tumbled over\* by me.  
 In the country far distant from town, my boy,  
 All desolate, drear, and alone,  
 Some people exist among tussocks and sheep;  
 And B——n looks after his own.

And don't you remember our stormy debates?  
 And the nice indiscriminate way  
 In which bitter antagonists over-night  
 Would vote side by side the next day?

---

\* This is rather too strong an expression for the fact.

There were numbers who sat on the Government seats  
 In the jolly days gone by ;  
 But of all the men who were ministers then  
 There remain but you and I.

And don't you remember old S—w—l, my boy ?  
 And C——s, smiling gaily at care ;  
 And H—m—lt—n, the spark, and A—lm—r, the clerk,  
 And S—m—n, the first in the chair.  
 There's a change in the men that we talk to, my boy ;  
 There's a change which may make us look blue,  
 But I don't think you see any changes in me ;  
 And I see no change in you.

C. W.

January, 1858.

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 No. 6.
 

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 SONG OF THE SQUATTERS. (1<sup>o</sup>)
 

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AFTER LONGFELLOW.

---

Would you hear a pretty story  
 Of our ancient legislators,  
 Of our statesmen in the old time,  
 Of the councillors and wise men  
 In the very ancient ages ?  
 Shall I tell you how the stockmen,  
 Crafty squatters, subtle shepherds,  
 From the Southward and the Northward,  
 From the deep and wide Waitangi,  
 From the changing Hurunui,  
 From the gloomy Harewood forest,  
 From the icy lake of Coleridge,  
 From the country of Mackenzie,  
 From the regions of the Westward,  
 Came together down to Christchurch,  
 Entered the Provincial Council,  
 Made orations in the Council,  
 Begged, implored, and prayed the Council,  
 Coaxed the unsuspecting Council ;

Hoaxed the simple-minded Council,  
 Did the very wily statesmen,  
 Gammoned all the legislators,  
 Humbugged, diddled, all the members,  
 And departed, laughing, chuckling,  
 With their thumbs up to their noses,  
 And their other fingers waving,  
 To the Southward and the Northward,  
 To the deep and wide Waitangi,  
 To the changing Hurunui,  
 To the gloomy Harewood forest,  
 To the icy lake of Coleridge,  
 To the country of Mackenzie,  
 Chuckling at the favours granted,  
 Grieving at the little asked for ?

Do you ask me whence these chucklings,  
 What might be these favours granted,  
 Who these subtle, crafty shepherds,  
 Who the simple-minded Council,  
 Statesmen, members, legislators ?  
 I would answer, I would tell you,  
 In a pretty little story  
 Of the very ancient ages.

Oloware, the Secretary,  
 Sat within the Council chamber,  
 On the crimson-covered cushions,  
 On the ministerial benches ;  
 Pen and ink were placed before him ;  
 At his side a pile of papers ;  
 On the floor the bulky blue-books  
 In his hands before him held he  
 The ' Amended Regulations.'

Tomicas, the chief surveyor,  
 Sat upon the seat beside him,  
 On the crimson-covered cushions,  
 On the ministerial benches ;  
 In his hands another copy  
 Of the Waste Lands Regulations,  
 The ' Amended Regulations.'

All around the Council Chamber  
 Sat the six-and-twenty members,  
 Representing all the people,  
 All the districts of the Province ;  
 Christchurch, Kaiapoi, and Avon,  
 Akaroa and Rakaia,  
 Ashley, Lyttelton, and Heathcote,  
 Timaru, and Port Victoria.  
 In their hands before them held they,  
 All the six-and-twenty members,  
 The ' Amended Regulations.'

Rose then Oloware the fluent,  
 The long-winded Secretary,  
 Spake such words of sounding grandeur,  
 Sentences so swift and rapid,  
 Phrases of such length and glibness,  
 That the boldest bowed before him,  
 Stopped his ear-holes with his fingers,  
 Wished himself outside the chamber.  
 But to tell you his oration,  
 All the fervour of his genius,  
 All his ornamental language,  
 'Twould be longer, deeper, swifter,  
 And much harder to get over  
 Than the Rangitata river.  
 But, before he ended, spake he  
 ('Twas the pith of his oration) :—  
 " We have thought and deemed it proper  
 To throw open all the country  
 By relaxing the conditions  
 Which have tied it up so closely ;  
 And the Government doth ask ye  
 To assent to certain measures  
 (Those Amended Regulations .  
 Ye are holding now before ye)  
 Which relax the said conditions  
 That have tied the land so tightly ;  
 Tightly tied it, closely bound it,  
 From the ready-money buyer.  
 And the question is before ye,  
 Under your consideration,  
 Aye or no, to pass these measures,  
 The ' Amended Regulations.' "

Thus he spake for twenty minutes,  
 Making frequent repetitions  
 And subdued reverberations,  
 Like the dropping down of water  
 From a spout in rainy weather  
 Into some half-empty barrel.

When he stopped rose Jonnioltok,  
 Shrewd and subtle Jonnioltok,  
 He the double-barrelled justice,  
 Ever prompt to give opinions ;  
 And at once he shoved his oar in  
 In his customary manner :—  
 " I assent to these proposals  
 With a trifling reservation.  
 Ye will sweep away conditions,  
 Justly sweep away restrictions,  
 Which tie up the land so closely ;  
 Only ye'll except the squatter,  
 Will not touch the rights of squatters,  
 Of the shepherds and the stockmen.  
 Ye shall take the rights of farmers,  
 Of the millers, bakers, butchers,  
 Tailors, drapers, clothiers, hatters,  
 Soldiers, doctors, undertakers,  
 Of storekeepers and bootmakers,  
 Of all trades and occupations,  
 Of all persons in the province,  
 But the shepherds, the runholders ;  
 Them ye shall not touch nor injure."

Thus he spake, and gave no reason,  
 Shrewd and subtle Jonnioltok !  
 But he left the other shepherds,  
 Squatters and the friends of squatters,  
 To uphold him with their reasons ;  
 For his words had done the business,  
 Woke desires were never dreamed of.  
 And a flutter passed among them,  
 Lighting eyes with apprehension,  
 Opening mouths with expectation,  
 Consciousness of something coming,  
 Something of advantage coming ;  
 And they took the hint and followed.

So the parson-bird, the tui,  
 The white bearded songster tui,  
 In the morning wakes the woodlands  
 With his customary music.  
 Then the other tuis round him  
 Clear their throats and sing in concert,  
 All the parson birds together.  
 And as sheep together huddled  
 On some river-bed of shingle,  
 Of Rakaia or Waitangi,  
 Or the changing Hurunui,  
 Stand beside the flowing water,  
 Shrink beside the rapid water,  
 And refuse to wet their fleeces ;  
 Till one bolder than the others,  
 Jumbuck of a forward nature,  
 Takes the stream as if he knew it,  
 Tells them he knows all about it.  
 Then the others struggle after,  
 Struggle and plunge headlong after,  
 Wondering at their own presumption.  
 So the shepherds, the runholders,  
 Followed after Jonnioltok,  
 Their bell-wether Jonnioltok.

First rose burly Scotje-tomatin,  
 He the portly, big and bulky,  
 Round proportioned, talking loudly,  
 Making little men to tremble  
 At his violence of language :—  
 " We will leave the land to squatters ;  
 They may hold it on for ever ;  
 For they build on, and improve it,  
 Make their houses and their gardens,  
 Farms, and comfortable homesteads ;  
 And, what's more, they mean to keep it.  
 Therefore ye must let them keep it,  
 Ye had better let them have it.  
 Who is here that will oppose me,  
 He's a fool, and out of order."

Then spoke rugged Bobirodi,  
 The hard-headed one from Yorkshire,

He the prince of all the squatters,  
 Largest holder of runholders :—  
 "Ye remember old Suellis,  
 Councillor with us of old time ;  
 Crafty statesman, cunning prophet,  
 Who taught all of us our wisdom ;  
 He arranged this matter for us,  
 And he said it should not alter,  
 Should remain as he had left it.  
 As he prophesied, so be it."

And the very big man Stunnem  
 Moving only eyes and shoulders,  
 Mutely making demonstrations,  
 Saying nought, was most impressive.

Then the shepherds in a chorus,  
 Squatters and the friends of squatters,  
 Begged, implored, and prayed the Council  
 To consider all their hardships ;  
 How their rents were so oppressive,  
 How their wool was sold for nothing,  
 How they could not sell their wethers  
 For the paltry price of mutton,  
 How the market rate of stations  
 Showed it was a losing business ;  
 And they begged and prayed the Council  
 To maintain the old conditions  
 That had tied the land so closely  
 Only on behalf of squatters,  
 Sweeping quite away the others.

But the most effective reason,  
 Most conclusive in their favour,  
 Was the look that passed among them  
 All around the Council Chamber.

Few were bold enough to argue  
 In reply to Bobirodi,  
 To the bulky Scotje-tomsin,  
 To the very big man Stunnem,



To the subtle Jonnioltok.  
 And the few that stood their ground there,  
 Stood their ground and asked for justice,  
 Simple justice to all classes,  
 They were bullied and brow-beaten,  
 Called to order, reprimanded,  
 By the big men, the stockowners,  
 Squatters and the friends of squatters,  
 And the timid ones around them  
 Who would fain be friends of squatters.  
 So the fluent Secretary,  
 Oloware the rapid speaker,  
 With his colleague sitting by him,  
 Tomicas, the chief Surveyor,  
 Trembled on the crimson cushions,  
 Gave them all that they demanded,  
 Granted all the boon they asked for,  
 Never dared to raise objections,  
 For they feared the mighty squatters.

Then departed all the stockmen,  
 Crafty squatters, subtle shepherds,  
 To the Southward, to the Northward,  
 To the wide and deep Waitangi,  
 To the changing Hurunui,  
 To the gloomy Harewood Forest,  
 To the icy lake of Coleridge,  
 To the country of Mackenzie,  
 To the regions of the Westward ;  
 With their thumbs up to their noses  
 And their other fingers waving,  
 Chuckling at the favours granted,  
 Grieving at the little asked for.

And they kicked the farmer backward  
 From the fertile spots of country  
 In the region of the Westward,—  
 Never thinking of hereafter.

C. W.

February, 1858.

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 THE SUMNER ROAD. (17)
 

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"His ideas are somewhat above the level."—*Edinburgh Review*.

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The bard, a man of dissatisfied mind,  
on his way over a certain hill, is first  
impressed by grand historical recollections ;

The Sumner Road ! the Sumner Road !  
Which burly Thomas first began ;  
Where Dobson all his skill bestowed,  
FitzGerald drove, and Ronnage ran.  
Eternal talking still goes on ;  
But nothing save the talk is done.

But afterwards, by certain melancholy features of the present day.

The gangers' and contractors' crews,  
The navy's pick, the ditcher's spade,  
Have found the gain your slopes refuse.  
On other works is money made—  
On lines whose course is further west  
Than ever your projectors guessed.

Becoming weary, he rests his body and exercises his imagination.

Mount Pleasant looks on Sumner Bay,  
And Sumner Bay looks out to sea.  
And, musing there an hour away,  
I dreamed that all might yet agree.  
For, sitting on Colonial grass,  
I could not deem myself an ass.

He recalls the story of one Ronnage, a famous free-booter once, afterwards vanquished, but not without many escapes ;

A Peeler sat beside the bank  
Where prison kettles boil and fiz :  
A score of barrows stood in rank—  
A score of felons—all were his.  
He counted them that summer's day,  
But when he turned they ran away.

And he likens the public to the said Ronnage, in that they are not minded to stay by the road work.

They ran away.—And where runn'st thou,  
My public?—On this Sumner Road,  
Five hundred drays were toiling now  
Had you less flighty conduct showed.  
But now—so wealthy have you got  
That here ten thousand pounds may rot !

He laments the imbecility of the times, but believes that The Hour is coming, and the Man not far off.

'Tis something, in the dearth of sense  
Among the present heirs of power,  
To feel that I, some short time hence,  
Shall have a great and glorious hour;  
Shall be the minister of fate  
To set these crooked matters straight.

In the meantime he draws up a petition to the Hon. the Provincial Council, asking for a money grant.

Shall we still crawl o'er mountains steep?  
Must we but pack while others cart?  
Councillors! of your surplus keep  
For our necessities a part!  
Of Five Score Thousands grant but Five  
To keep the Sumner road alive!

But no member to whom he applies will present it, alleging Standing Orders as the obstacle; but really, he thinks, fearful of the coming elections.

What! silent Rhodes? and silent Hall?  
Oh, no! Their voices, faintly loud,  
Sound like a distant baby's squall,  
And answer—"Let one hustings  
crowd—  
But one—pronounce, we'll vote the sum.  
'Tis but the public that is dumb."

He then tries out-of-door agitation; but finds that the people of Canterbury are so full of their private concerns

In vain! in vain! strike other cords!  
Fetch in some fresh colonial beer!  
Leave roads to Governments and Boards;  
And talk of sheep and oxen here!  
Hark! joining in the accustomed strain,  
How jaws each joggle-headed swain!

That they won't pay much attention to public affairs.

You have your West Coast Road set out,  
When will your East Coast Road be  
done?  
Of two such works why do without  
The shorter and more useful one?  
Fools! would ye win what's worth the  
winning,  
Ye must begin at the beginning.

He thinks to gain credit with some by spouting second-hand the 'Times' against loans to colonies, and getting a cry against the N.A.

Trust not for money to the banks!  
They make a charge of ten per cent.  
Your land, which owes no stranger thanks  
Is money—more than can be spent.  
But banker's charge and banking cost  
Is only so much money lost.

But even this does not succeed, and he goes in for the farming interest and the manufacture of beer for export, producing specimens on which he ventures to experiment.

Fill up the glass with native ale!  
 Our farmers grew the barley crop;  
 Our brewers brewed the liquid pale.  
 But, gazing on its frothless top,  
 On mine the frigid dews distil,  
 To think I've got to cross the hill.

But his auditors turn out to be bullock drivers from a sheep station, who have no votes, and prefer brandy to beer—which also disagrees with himself.

Place me in Papanui swamp;  
 Where nothing save some steers and I  
 Shall hear each other's level tramp;  
 There, hill-less, let me live and die!  
 Climbing is work for donkeys—Here!  
 Waiter, remove this beastly beer!

Overcome by his feelings, he rushes out to return to the town whence he came, cursing the Bridle-path by his gods.

C. W.

June, 1859.

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### Address to the Provincial Council of Canterbury.

—  
 AFTER THE HON. MRS. NORTON.  
 —

Move not! Move not! ye reckless M.P.C.'s!  
 Your best framed Bills have many a doubtful phrase;  
 Clauses with which the public disagrees,  
 'Ere they're Gazetted for a few short days.  
 Move not! Move not!

Move not! Move not! The Bill you move may drop,  
 May be rejected though by you 'tis passed;  
 His Honor's veto may its progress stop,  
 Or Colonel Browne may disallow at last.  
 Move not! Move not!

Move not! Move not! The clause you move may change,  
 May be amended by a word or two;  
 The meaning, fondly laboured o'er, grow strange;  
 The clause may still be passed, but not by you!  
 Move not! Move not!

Move not! Move not! Oh, warning vainly said  
 To new-fledged members, of their motions proud!  
 Bills of his moving turn the poor man's head;  
 Legal, and faultless—till they're disallowed!  
 Move not! Move not!

C. W.

March, 1856.

~~~~~

Where's the Engineer. (1<sup>st</sup>)

The autumn time is past its prime;  
 The winter draws anigh;  
 The southern rain pours on the plain;  
 The swamps are rising high;  
 The drains begin to tumble in;  
 The bridges want repair;  
 The roadway cuts in holes and ruts,  
 And holloas out for care.

With cash opprest the public chest  
 Is almost overflowed;  
 In copper coined, 'twould metal find  
 For fifty miles of road.  
 The country through there's work to do;  
 And most this time of year;  
 But still we stand on every hand,  
 For—Where's the Engineer?

The cuckoo green, in summer seen,  
 With shiny plumage drest,  
 In autumn flies to other skies  
 Towards the warmer west;  
 But back he'll wing his way in spring  
 And stay for half-a-year;  
 Six months at least he loves the East;  
 So may the Engineer!

The constant breeze from eastern seas  
 Across the plain may blow,  
 Where forest fair and granite bare  
 Are clad in western snow;

But, fast and warm, the nor-west storm  
 Will quit those deserts drear ;  
 And sigh and burn in glad return :  
 So may the Engineer !

The glorious sun, when day is done,  
 Drops on the mountain's crest,  
 And lends the ray we felt to-day  
 To warm and light the west ;  
 But though he sink o'er ocean's brink,  
 To-morrow he'll appear  
 From out the tide the other side,  
 So may the Engineer !

But though the bird the West preferred,  
 Nor mountain breezes blew ;  
 And though the sun when day is done  
 Bade us a last adieu ;  
 Still, D——n, thee we hope to see,  
 Our longing hearts to cheer ;  
 Still we cry out, with piteous shout,  
 Return, Oh Engineer !

For thou must know—what figures show—  
 We hold thee *very dear* ;  
 It racks our heart from one to part  
 Who's worth so much—a year.  
 But if the West thou lovest best,  
 Nor dost thy duties here—  
 Then rest thee—stay for aye away—  
 We only say 'twere cheap to pay  
 Another Engineer.

C. W.

May, 1858.

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Epigram.

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THE NELSON APPEAL. (1°)

---

The ancient pilgrim on his way  
 Took neither purse nor scrip, they say,  
 Nor gold nor other coin, to pay  
 The proper charges of the trip.

This precept Nelson half obeys—  
 Has gold, but yet no charges pays ;—  
 And to her neighbour pilgrims says :—  
 “We'll share and share alike always ;—  
 I keep my purse, take you my scrip.”

C. W.

July, 1858.

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Charade for the Times.

---

“ A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.”—EUCLID.

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Morn on the waters ! Purple and bright  
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;  
 Bright in the beam it has caught from afar,  
 Sparkles the surge on the Sumner Bar ;  
 Struggling through mists with a mimic wrath,  
 Gleam the steep slopes of the Bridle Path.  
 Drooping his eyes, and wringing his hands,  
 On Lyttelton jetty a Colonist stands ;  
 What shall he do with his Household gods ?  
 His chairs and tables, and curtains, and rods ?  
 Greener than Erin's most verdurous turf,  
 Shall he trust them to Sumner's treacherous surf ?  
 Or wearily drag them, box and bag,  
 By Evans's pass, and Gollan's crag,  
 Over the slippery steep Zig-Zag ?  
 Ensphered in the Planet, or Wheeler and Nurs'd,  
 How ! oh, How shall he moved *My First* ?

But hark ! a voice of cheerful bode—  
 “ FitzGerald has opened the Sumner road ! ”  
 Cheerily starts he, with heart elate,  
 Case, and package, bag, bundle, and crate ;  
 Till he finds, as he nears the Sticking Point,  
 That the times, and the road, are out of joint.  
 See these carts of cruel stone !  
 Hark to the blasters' warning moan !  
 “ Back from our path, ye ill-starred men,  
 For the Sumner Road is closed again ! ”

While the Christchurch bell, in mournful mode,  
Tolls *My Last* for the Sumner Road ;  
And seems to foretell its own sad fate  
To the Colonist and his luckless freight.

Hurrah, for the cure of all our ills !  
Hurrah, for the triumph of sturdy wills !  
Double and treble our exports grow ;  
Northward, and southward, and westward, ho !  
Shall the stream of population flow ;  
Its Halcyon days our land shall know ;  
When free from fear of tempest or tide,  
*My Whole* shall pierce the green hill side.

October, 1859.

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The Immigrants' Carol for Christmas.

---

Oh, Christmas! merry Christmas!  
We hail thee once again,  
To shores where late thy cheering morn  
Ne'er dawned on Christian men.  
But from their thrones for evermore  
The heathen gods are flung ;  
And the good old Christmas tide is hail'd  
In the good old English tongue.

But not, as in the olden land,  
Where still our memories cling,  
By blazing hearths, amid the snow,  
Our Christmas songs we sing.  
But when the bright sun's soften'd rays  
Are with the flowers at play,  
We cull sweet summer's fruits to grace  
Our board, on Christmas Day.

The children in the green lanes bind  
The roses in their hair,  
And the sad old year goes sighing out,  
To leave a scene so fair ;



While friends meet friends with happy hearts  
 In many a social band,  
 To hold their merry Christmas  
 In our adopted land.

A. C.

December, 1859.

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The Complaint of a Gentleman in Difficulties.

Oh! what shall I do?  
 What course *shall* I pursue  
 To get rid of my duns—the importunate crew?  
 If I only knew,  
 I am sure I should feel and look rather less blue.

I have fled north and south, but relentless as fate  
 My creditors followed, all stern and irate;  
 I wandered about like the wandering Jew,  
 But wherever I went there those fellows came too.

Far away on the plain  
 Took a lodging—in vain;  
 They followed me over, and dunned me again.  
 Then I tried a disguise,  
 Put a patch o'er my eyes;  
 Wore a wig—made myself just a bundle of lies.  
 But imagine my horror, my wrath and surprise—  
 The first time I went out, in my *alias* still,  
 A creature walked up and presented *his bill*!

Oh, these 'little accounts,'  
 These 'trifling amounts'—  
 These 'small bills' I can't pay,  
 And I can't run away.  
 Oh, what *shall* I do, will some kind creature say?  
 I must have a house to live in, I suppose;  
 A trifle of food, and respectable clothes;  
 It seems hard to debar  
 A poor chap a cigar,  
 And wine after dinner's not going too far.  
 But these things, though I need,  
 I don't get them;—indeed,  
 My destitute state might make any heart bleed.

I can't borrow, nor beg ;  
 On my very last leg  
 I am standing—and that's but a rickety peg—  
 To the quadrupeds canine I feel I am going.  
 To end all my pains  
 I might blow out my brains,  
 And so pay but one debt of all that are owing ;  
 But I cannot get credit for powder and shot,  
 And besides (I can't help it) *I'd much rather not.*

I used to have friends ;  
 My experience tends  
 To prove one has plenty so long as one spends.  
 But now, if I try  
 To find *one*, he's so shy—  
 So intent upon something in air or in sky,  
 That he never can see such a being as I.  
 For my *ci-devant* friend  
 Seems to know I intend,  
 If I can gain his ear, to request him to lend.

There's my laundress down stairs,  
 She stoutly declares  
 That I shall be minus both collars and shirt  
 If I don't pay her bill ;  
 (And my cash is just *nil*)—  
 I feel more than insulted—I'm really *hurt*.  
 If none help me, my fate  
 Will be sad to relate ;  
 And those who *won't* know me may mournfully rue it.  
 Friends aristocratic,  
 I'll live in an attic ;  
 What's worse—I'll get work ! Crowning horror ! I'll do it !

F. M. W.

March, 1880.

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### The English Mail.

---

The English Mail ! what simple words,  
 And yet how much expressing ;  
 What themes for thought the name affords,  
 A thousand hearts addressing.

The wanderers in this distant land  
 Stir with each sweet emotion,  
 As letters from some dear-loved hand  
 Reach them across the ocean.

Hard-handed, bronzed, and bearded men  
 Soften with smiles of pleasure,  
 At words, traced by a mother's pen,  
 Of love which knows no measure.  
 A father's counsels, hopes and fears,  
 A sister's sweet beguiling,  
 Fill the rough exile's eyes with tears  
 Even amidst his smiling.

What simple eloquence, love taught,  
 Lies in those written pages !  
 What tales of life's great battle, fought  
 Where bitterly it rages.  
 What doubts—what hopes—what fears—what strife—  
 What failures and advances—  
 The sunlight and the storm of life—  
 Its business and romances !

Grand epics, dressed in simple words,  
 Of sorrow and temptation ;  
 The agony of hope deferred,  
 Or blighted expectation.  
 And sweetly, even amid the cry  
 Wrung forth by bitter trial,  
 The voice of faith, humility,  
 And patient self-denial.

The merchant's losses or his gains,  
 Trade's sinking or revival,  
 The politician's joy or pain  
 Hang on the mail's arrival.  
 That pulse of England's mother heart,  
 To us the life-blood sending,  
 And binding us, though far apart,  
 With interests never ending.

F. M. W.

March, 1860.

## The Town and the Torrent. (20)

### A ROCKLESS RHYME.

"Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille  
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."—HORACE.

There's a town that bears a grand old name,  
Though it be but a new made spot ;  
The beauty that some other towns may claim  
Every one knows it has not.  
With its dead bare level, and square cut streets,  
Its houses so scattered and small ;  
And the wind that will blow, and the sand that won't go,  
'Tis not pleasant to live in at all.  
But 'twas once a good business, I understand,  
Buying and selling the Christchurch land.

(Air—"Duncan Gray.")

Christchurch lies a little low ;  
Hey, hey, the level o't !  
Above the tide a foot or so ;  
Hey, hey, the level o't.  
And when about the town you go,  
Sundry indications show  
That here a river used to flow ;  
Hey, and that's the ——— o't !

Only think, here's a go ;  
Fancy that years ago—  
I don't like to make it too short or too long ;  
A very safe venture is  
Several centuries—  
The learned must pardon me if I go wrong ;  
My only apology  
Is that geology  
Was not a science they taught me when young.  
But, if asked what Christchurch is on,  
Sir Roderick Murchison  
Would, fearless of heresies,  
Say, from those terraces,  
Sandhills and shingle lines running along,  
That, in reality,  
Down this locality  
Some torrent had come it uncommonly strong.

(Air—"Cork Leg.")

At Avonhead lived one Mister Bray,  
 Who every morning used to say  
 "I should not be much surprised to-day  
 If Christchurch city were swept away,  
     By the rushing, crushing, flushing, gushing,  
     Waimakariri river."

He told his tale, and he showed his plan,  
 How the levels lay, and the river ran;  
 The neighbours thought him a learned man,  
 But wished him further than Ispahan,  
     With his wearing, tearing, flaring, scaring,  
     Waimakariri river.

(Air—"Kitty of Coleraine.")

As young Mr. Rowley one morning was going  
 With a barrel on wheels to the river for drink,  
 Instead of a mile off, he found it was flowing  
 Five yards from the house, and a foot from the brink.  
 The river was tumbling, the banks they were crumbling,  
 Poor Rowley had scarcely got time to jump round,  
 When very soon after, from basement to rafter,  
 The whole of his house disappeared from the ground.

(Air—"Froggy would a-Wooing go.")

So off he jumped, and took to his heels;  
     Heigh-ho! says Rowley;  
 So off he jumped, and took to his heels,  
 And off went the bullock and barrel on wheels,  
     From the rolling, bowling Waimakariri.  
     "Heigh-ho!" says young Mister Rowley.

And when he came to Christchurch town;  
     "Heigh-ho!" says Rowley;  
 And when he came to Christchurch town,  
 "Look out," says he, "for the coming down  
     Of the rolling, bowling Waimakariri."  
     "Heigh-ho!" says young Mister Rowley.

The people all got in a terrible fright,  
     At the heigh-ho! of Rowley;  
 The people all got in a terrible fright,  
 And went by dozens to take a sight  
     At the rolling, bowling Waimakariri—  
     “ Oh, do,” says young Mister Rowley.

Prompt were the steps the Government took.  
 The Superintendent closed his book,  
 And started rapidly up from where he  
     Just then sat,  
     Called for his hat,  
 And stepped at once to the Secretary.  
 That eminent officer, just before,  
     Being always ready alike for pleasure or  
 Business, had shut and locked his door,  
     And stepped with the news to his friend the Treasurer.  
 The man of money had hurriedly gone—  
     So said his feminine attendant—  
 With a couple of swimming belts tied on,  
     Across to His Honor the Superintendent.

First up, then down,  
 Then across the town  
 The three went, one another following,  
     Like wolves in a cage,  
     Till they got in a rage,  
 Which they'd very great trouble indeed in swallowing.  
 They certainly would have walked till night—  
 They might have been going till morning light;  
 They might have been playing the whole of the week  
 A triangular game of hide and seek;  
 They might have been walking, in imitation  
 Of the cork leg's wonderful peregrination,  
     I can't tell how,  
     Even till now—  
 A striking example of quick and dead,  
 The constant, heavy, monotonous tread,  
 Leaving intact both body and head,  
     But wearing out the soul,  
     And making each corporeal whole  
     A “corporation sole”—  
 Not fleshless spirits, of which there are hosts,

But the very *vice versa* of ghosts :  
 Spiritless bodies, that should be the grave in,  
 Of whom I have known no example, save in  
 The first navigation concern of Avon.

This trio walked—*before* they died—  
 With swinging arms, and lengthened stride,  
     And nose aloft in air ;  
 With head erect, and open-eyed,  
     And backward streaming hair ;  
 They strode the street of still Madras,  
 Where grows at will the untrodden grass,  
     To Sumner road the wide.  
 Thence on by Cashel's peopled street,  
 Some of whose houses almost meet  
     In ranks down either side,  
 To where, cool gliding through the heat,  
     Slides Avon's silvery tide.  
 And as adown the stream he pressed,  
 Each turned a glance towards the west,  
     Dreaming of quick disaster ;  
 And saw, or thought he saw, or guessed  
 He saw the billows' foaming crest ;  
     Then stepped a little faster.  
 By Gloucester's half-worn thoroughfare,  
 Whose panes with every product glare—  
 Soft goods, and hard, and holloware,  
     With Stringer's buns and toffees ;  
 And Cookham's famous boots are there,  
     So is the Union Office.

By street and by terrace each hurried apace,  
     One after the other, but all in vain,  
 Till they reached the right reverend Martyr's place,  
     And then they began the round again.  
 For it happened perversely, as things will chance,  
     With the luck to which most poor mortals born are,  
 As each round a turning gave a first glance,  
     His man was doubling a distant corner.

Now they might have walked, as I said before,  
 A day, or a week, or a month, or more ;  
 But happily, as they were going at score,

THE CLOCK STRUCK FOUR !

Witches, we know, and fairies too,  
And every supernatural crew,  
In the height of their dance, when the cock does crow,

Instantly stop

The nocturnal hop,

Vanish in air, and away they go !

So public officials of every degree,

Though slaves at fifty-nine minutes past three,

The instant they hear the stroke of four

The pen must stop,

And the paper must drop ;

The books are shut, and they work no more.

Quick and far, with electric force,

'Twas felt ; the Government stopped, of course.

No need of clock, nor of bell for them ;

Instinct told them 'twas 4 p.m.

Each, as if shot,

Stopped on the spot,

Turned on his heel, gave his forehead a wipe ;

Felt in his pocket and pulled out a pipe ;

Got ready to smoke, and prepared to depart,

Slowly, in search of some ale, to the Hart.

Now looking the map in,

You'll find it would happen,

Each coming up from a different beat,

That just at the junction they would meet

Of Cathedral square with Hereford street.

First and at once, by right of his station,

His Honor demanded an explanation :

" I say—I say—

" Nice fellows, you two,

" Running away,

" Just when you knew there was something to do.

" But go—I say, go !

" I want dinner—you know

" I'm hungry, you made me run after you so.

" But stay—I say, stay !

" One of you call on the clerk on your way—

" You see that the river is

" Getting mysterious, p'rhaps even serious,

" It's a chance if to-morrow we all are alive—

" And let him deliver his



"Summonses all my advisers to call,  
 "To hold an Executive Council at five.  
 "And here—I say, here!  
 "Remind him to summon the Engineer."

They met—'twas up a stair—for they thought it was coming;  
 They looked—it was not there—but they heard like its  
     humming.

They talked in whispered tone, their keen anguish to smother;  
 But one, and one alone, said 'twas all his grandmother!

What's to be done?  
 Was the general question—  
 Felt, but unspoken;  
 Till suddenly one  
 Made a suggestion,  
 And silence was broken.

He began by observing that all propriety  
 Showed that in every novel society  
 Nought should be done at all at variance  
 With the dictates of old experience.

Then mention made he  
 Of a sage old lady—

Her name would be recognised far and wide,  
 Who, when ocean invading  
     Set other folks wading,

Made use of a pitchfork to stop the tide.

And then he proposed, as the easiest plan

(In talking of forks he, of course, the most simple meant)

For stopping the river, that every man

Should furnish himself with a similar implement.

Another sage Councillor rose up to say,

With his colleague's opinion he partly accorded;

But, seeing the progress of science each day,

Some room for improvement was surely afforded.

He thought that, laying aside the prong,

Whose only use was on shallow beaches,

The pole by itself, six times as long,

Would be better in currents and rapid reaches.

The members approved the latter suggestion;

They put and carried, *nem con*, the question;

And, dropping irrelevant conversation,

Agreed to the following

## PROCLAMATION !

WHEREAS it seems likely the river may break  
 Through its banks ; and we know not the course it may take ;  
 And whereas 'tis expedient to run up some better a  
 Rampart : Now therefore I, William, *etcetera*,  
 Proclaim that all persons shall institute searches  
 For pitchforks, and all they can find they must purchase ;  
 Then knock all the prongs off, and taking the staves away,  
 March to the river and help keep the waves away.  
 Done at our palace, September sixteen,  
 The year does not matter, and

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

Odd, very odd it was thought by all ;  
 Uncommonly odd the Government thought it.  
 So fancies a cricketer dropping a ball,  
 Precisely the moment he thinks he has caught it.  
     Most provoking ! beyond all joking !  
     Very perplexing ! exceedingly vexing !  
 In spite of their skill, and in spite of their science ;  
     In spite of the fame  
     Of the eminent dame,  
 On whose old appliance they placed such reliance ;  
     The rampart of sticks  
     When they managed to fix,—  
 And far from too easy a matter they found it,—  
     The stream, rising frightfully,  
     Broke, as if spitefully,  
 Over it, under it, through it, and round it.

More frightened than ever, the folks on the plains  
 Turned, after they heard it, uncommonly brown,  
 In all the nor'-westers and easterly rains,  
 For fear that the river might chance to come down.  
 While some men who thought themselves *extra* sagacious,  
 And offered to bet on it many a crown,  
 To make their opinion the more efficacious,  
 Affirmed that the river would surely come down.  
 But to silence for ever all empty conjecture,  
 To settle all doubts on the fate of the town,  
 The highest authority proved in a lecture,  
 By figures and facts, that it *must* come down.

From that time to this, says the story, the river  
 Showed such disregard for all reason that by it you'd  
 Judge it had studied the journals, and ever  
 Remained in its bed with remarkable quietude.

C. W.

April, 1860.

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Drifting Away. (s r)

—

A little boat, alone, alone,  
 Fast drifting out to sea ;  
 A weed upon the wild waves thrown  
 The frail thing seems to be.  
 And fast it floats upon the tide,  
 Without a hand to save or guide,  
 Save one—a woman, pale with care,  
 And anxious eyes, sits trembling there.

A woman, and an aged man  
 All helpless in his fear ;  
 Who, since their peril first began,  
 With childish moan and tear,  
 And crouching form, bewails his fate.  
 But she, who sees the danger great,  
 Seizes the oar, and strives to guide  
 The frail bark o'er the drifting tide.

What thoughts were hers as hours went by,  
 And night came stealing on ;  
 And the cold wind breathed like a sigh  
 Over the lonely one.  
 What thoughts of life, of hope, of home,  
 Where she, perchance, might no more come ;  
 Of light, and love, and comfort there ;  
 And here starvation and despair !

Yet with firm hand, and sleepless eyes,  
 She steered the little bark ;  
 Saw the next day's bright sun arise ;  
 Saw the next day grow dark.

And still—no help ; around, on high,  
 The wide expanse of sea and sky.  
 Well might all faith and hope depart  
 From that poor lost one's trembling heart !

But no ! a woman's soul is strong,  
 Although her frame be weak !  
 Her fortitude endureth long,  
 And patience calm and meek.  
 So houseless, foodless, weak, but brave,  
 She steered the lone boat o'er the wave ;  
 And God in mercy heard her cry,  
 And did not let the wanderers die.

And so, when on life's stormy sea,  
 Some helpless soul is driven,  
 How often does its guidance be  
 To woman's frail hand given.  
 From passion's storm, from trouble's wave,  
 Hers, with unflinching mind, to save ;  
 And stand firm, patient, and serene,  
 An angel in the darkest scene.

' Mid the dread night of deepest care,  
 When every breath blows chill ;  
 ' Mid poverty and wild despair,  
 To guide the lost bark still.  
 With dauntless courage, deathless love,  
 And faith, whose eye is fixed above ;  
 So woman guides, through life's long day,  
 Some bark which else must drift away.

F. M. W.

April, 1860.

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### The Missing Ship. (22)

---

She left the bay in beauty and in pride,  
 Her white sails glancing like a cloud of snow ;  
 The sparkling waves were dancing by her side,  
 Reeling amid their laughter to and fro ;  
 The murmur of the land came faint and low,

As gallantly the good ship held her way,  
 Unmindful if her speed gave joy or woe,  
 Or hearts were breaking as she left that bay ;—  
 Still on she sped, resistless as the day.

Away, away,—still o'er the blue waves flying,  
 And now she grows a speck upon the sea ;  
 The sunbeams on her snowy sails are lying,  
 That cast their shadows far upon the lee ;  
 And thus in beauty bounding fair and free,  
 O'er the broad ocean—where her fate was cast—  
 She fled before the gale, as seagulls flee,  
 When daylight dies, to seek their nests at last.  
 Even as such from our dim eyes she passed.

She pass'd—and never more was seen or heard ;  
 She pass'd—but whither ne'er can mortal tell ;  
 She pass'd—in beauty like an ocean bird  
 Stemming the haughty billows proud and well ;  
 But none remain to say what fate befell  
 That gallant ship and all the hearts she bore ;  
 If in the caves beneath the ocean's swell  
 They sleep ; or if perchance upon some shore  
 Unsepulchred they rest for evermore.

Full many an eye hath wept their unknown fate,  
 And many a home will mourn full deep and long ;  
 With hope still growing fainter, still they wait,  
 Hoping 'gainst hope for those who ne'er will come—  
 For those whose toil upon the earth is done,  
 Who sleep far from the hearts that hold them dear ;  
 Perchance beneath the cloudless tropic sun,  
 Or in the frozen ocean wild and drear,  
 Where icebergs high their awful beauty rear.

F. S. O.

June, 1880.

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 Ode to New Zealand.

### A GROWL IN A SOUTH-WESTER.

Eden of the Southern Sea,  
 I devote my lay to thee,  
 Thee, of whom at home they tell  
 Things to make the bosom swell.

Thee, of whom in Crosby square  
 Loud laudations shake the air :  
 (Disbelieve what mortal can  
 The seductive tongue of Gann ?)  
 So that men have christened thee,  
 Eden of the Southern Sea.

Thee whom, praised by magic *lyre*  
 Of Hursthouse, men unseen admire !  
 Land of plains and grassy swells,  
 Where the gentle Maori dwells,  
 Equal, save in copper face,  
 With the European race,  
 Strong in love, in council grave,  
 Christian, chivalrous, and brave :  
 These are things they tell of thee,  
 Eden of the Southern Sea.

Where the bee, on drooping wing,  
 Laden with the spoils of spring,  
 Lays up so profuse a store,  
 Suffices all, and something more ;  
 Where the breezes, soft and free,  
 Rival those of Italy.  
 Where the lovely ka-ka screeches,  
 And the pigs are fed on peaches !  
 What on earth compares with thee,  
 Eden of the Southern Sea ?

Where the wide extended plain  
 Waves with fields of golden grain ;  
 Where the shepherd, 'midst his sheep,  
 Beneath the stars fears not to sleep ;  
 Where the zephyrs from the hills  
 Are med'cine for all human ills ;  
 Where contentment reigns around,  
 And no murmurs can be found :  
 This, and more, they say of thee,  
 Eden of the Southern sea.

But 'tis sad, though very clear,  
 That we're fated now to hear,  
 Landed on thy far-famed shore,  
 Things we heard not named before.

Settlers arming for their lives,  
 And their little ones and wives  
 Forced to fly, or stay and be  
 "Chawed up catawampously!"  
 We were not told this, of thee,  
 Eden of the Southern Sea.

Land where men with brains of fog  
 Built a city in a bog!  
 Land of rain, and storm, and flood!  
 Land of water, wind, and mud!  
 Where six days a week the gale,  
 Laden thick with rain or hail,  
 First from sou'-west blows a piercer,  
 Then veers nor'-west and blows fiercer!  
 This is what I think of thee,  
 Eden of the Southern Sea.

Land where all is dear and bad,  
 Comfort scarcely to be had;  
 Wooden house, with shingle roof,  
 Neither wind nor waterproof;  
 And the mutton and the beef  
 Fit to cause a Briton grief;  
 And of all things the most dear  
 (As to price) a glass of beer!  
 Oh! I'm sadly sold in thee,  
 Eden of the Southern Sea.

But I have located here;  
 No alternative, I fear,  
 But to make the best of thee,  
 Only longing to be free;  
 Patiently to bear thy clime,  
 And anticipate the time  
 When, my transportation o'er,  
 I shall seek some genial shore,  
 Never to return to thee,  
 Eden of 'the Southern Sea.

J. T. R.

July, 1860.

# The Maori's Choice.

Chacun à son goût.

A Maori fellow came to me,  
Who asked for meat and money ;  
"Kahore te utu," said I—you see  
To ask for that was funny.

I bade him sit and rest awhile,  
(A kit of eels he carried),  
And thus a passing hour beguile,  
By chatting as he tarried.

"My friend," said I, "you like the eel,  
"You like hapuku drying ;  
"Kapai the smelt, the duck, the teal,  
"And shark when putrifying.

"Now tell me, what of Maori food  
"The Maori thinks the best?"  
The fellow grinn'd, nor bashful stood ;  
Thus answered then the guest—

"The eel is good ; the grub, the fish,  
"Hapuku, duck, and fry,  
"The young Wahine makes a dish ;  
"But the *white man cold!* *Kapai!*"

The rascal's teeth were sharp and bright,  
He smack'd his lips with relish ;  
No thought had he, the savage wight,  
Of harm in feasts so hellish.

Place him on Ruahine's steep,  
Or Taranaki hoary,  
Or where the three Kaikoras keep  
A fellowship in glory ;

How vain to him the scene around !  
Unseen the higher vision !  
Where fern root is, where pigs abound,  
He finds his need—provision !



He fasts, or feasts, just how he can ;  
 The rest is visionary ;  
 But best is pleased with flesh of man,  
 Served à la **Missionary** !

C. P. H.

July, 1880.

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Album Lines.

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THE BAZAAR.

---

Of all the wicked modes whereby  
 Weak men are circumvented,  
 Supreme is the Bazaar, say I,  
 In evil hour invented.

You go, perchance, to view the scene  
 Most strictly a spectator ;  
 The times of late so bad have been,  
 You're *not* a speculator.

With purse well guarded, heart of flint,  
 And eyes of cold abstraction,  
 You callous seem to every hint,  
 And blind to each distraction.

Of caps at home you've quite a store,  
 Of neck-ties also plenty,  
 You reckon slippers by the score,  
 Of vests at least have twenty.

In cushions, markers, studs and rings,  
 Your stock is most extensive.  
 Why buy pen-wipers ? useless things !  
 Outrageously expensive !

Rash man ! though these you may elude,  
 Strange goods will take their places ;  
 Think not that here you can intrude,  
 And treat with scorn the Graces.

Those little socks for tiny feet,  
 You homeward soon will carry,  
 The baby's dress should be complete ;—  
 Who knows but you may marry ?

In vain you plead, with long-drawn face,  
 You want no parasol ;  
 The nymph holds forth with winning grace  
 The witcheries of a doll !

Hot and oppressed, you seek the seat  
 Near lemonade and ices,  
 Where gingerbread and bon bons meet,  
 And sell at fearful prices.

Here for a while you seek repose,—  
 Alas ! a vain illusion !  
 A Pysche, while the nectar flows,  
 O'erwhelms you with confusion.

Who loses money feels the smart ;  
 Some friend may money lend us ;  
 Worse ill works Cupid's subtle dart,  
 From which, kind Heaven, defend us !

J. T. R.

October, 1860.

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### Arcades Ambo. (23)

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A BUCOLIC.—AFTER VIRGIL.

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*First Swain.*—FitzGerald ! once again we meet !  
 Thee warmly doth the country greet !  
 If thou to me assistance lend,  
 Then I will be thy dearest friend.

*Second Swain.*—Oh, Moorhouse ! Fortune's favor'd son !  
 Thou hast her every gift but one.  
 If to my counsels thou'lt attend,  
 I'll make thee great and be thy friend.

*First Swain.*—Nay, Fitz, I fear thou hast forgot  
That I'm in power, and thou art not ;  
My plans are formed, take that for granted,  
And keep advice until 'tis wanted.

*Second Swain.*—Oh ! Moorhouse, Moorhouse, half an ounce  
Of sense is worth a pound of bounce !  
Be wise : thy reckless schemes resign,  
And wholly trust to me and mine.

*First Swain.*—Now, hearken ! rather, I declare,  
Than give our fortunes to thy care—  
Rather than trust thy plans or thee—  
I'd sink the country in the sea.

*Second Swain.*—Then hearken thou ! in loud debate,  
With warning voice throughout the state,  
I'll rouse the bitter social storm,  
To do thee and thy projects harm.

*First Swain.*—Begone, and do thy worst ; for I  
Thee and thy crack-brained schemes defy.

*Second Swain.*—Begone ! and let the public try  
Which is more crack-brained, thou or I.

*First Swain.*—But stay—perhaps—conceive—suppose  
The public *will not* come to blows.

*Second Swain.*—Aye, stay—perhaps they may not quite  
For either schemer care to fight.

*First Swain.*—Of course they think you very rash.

*Second Swain.*—And you, they know, can scatter cash.

*First Swain.*—But then, you're at the bottom true.

*Second Swain.*—Well, come ! they think the same of you.

*Both.*—No quarrels, then ; the public know  
That they themselves are rather slow,  
And wish that you—and I—who lead,  
Should have a little extra speed.

[*Exeunt amicably.*]

C. W.

December, 1860.

### The First of May.

When first I saw young Neddy, -  
 'Twas on the first of May ;  
 On a slashing mare to town he rode,  
 His yearly rent to pay.  
 But when that mare was out at grass  
 For six weeks in the spring,  
 No blade was there that could compare  
 With the nice young man I sing.  
 As he rode on his spanking mare,  
 By the corner of Milliner's square,  
 Every girl in the place dropped ribbons and lace,  
 And looked after the spanking pair.

In high Provincial Council,  
 The Members brave and wise,  
 Sit silent round, without a sound,  
 When the Speaker "Order" cries.  
 But Neddy, more imperious,  
 Makes all round him shout.  
 As he passes them by, they stare and cry  
 "Does your mother know you're out."  
 As he gallops his slashing mare  
 The lads all cry "Take care,"  
 "Hold on as you ride"—"Take a place inside ;"  
 Or, "Come down off that spanking mare."

Young Neddy round his hat, sir,  
 Has a wisp of muslin\*green ;  
 But the tradesmen folk who trust him  
 More verdant are, I ween ;  
 For he looks so youthful, so mild and truthful,  
 With a sweet engaging air,  
 They never ask payment for food or raiment,  
 But give it as free as air.  
 As he mounts his spanking mare,  
 They rush to their doors and stare,  
 And envy together the woolliest wether  
 That's shorn for him and his mare.

I'd rather own that mare, sir,  
 With a hempen halter tied,  
 Than a ship-load down from Melbourne town,  
 With saddles and all beside.

For the agent would call to-morrow,  
 With a little account to pay,  
 But Neddy, the thief, would have come to grief,  
 And be galloping out of the way,  
 On another spanking mare,  
 While all his creditors swear  
 That there's plenty to lose, if to trust you choose,  
 A man with a spanking mare.

C. W.

May, 1861.

### The Drowned Maiden.

The storm had ceased ; and as the sun uprose,  
 We found her sleeping on the cold white sands ;  
 Upon her breast, now hushed in calm repose,  
 Were clasped, as if in prayer, her small white hands.

We knew not whence she came ; perchance that night  
 A Ship had foundered, and of all she bore,  
 Of age and youth and manhood in his might,  
 Only that maiden frail had reached the shore.

She lay as if in calm untroubled sleep,  
 Pure as a flower of summer and as fair ;  
 And seaweed from the caverns of the deep  
 Twined 'mid the tresses of her golden hair.

And flowers that bloom far down beneath the deep  
 Circled her brow, and, in the morning's breath,  
 Waved o'er her forehead with a gentle sweep,  
 A strange wild wreath that had been wove by death.

There, calm and beautiful, at peace she lay,  
 With angels watching o'er her rest the while ;  
 And ever o'er her lips there seemed to play,  
 Faintly and soft, the shadow of a smile.

Ye who have loved her weep for her no more !  
 Death is an angel unto such as she.  
 Calmly she slumbers on our lonely shore,  
 Hushed by the music of the great sad sea.

F. S. C.

March, 1862.

## The Lament of Canterbury.

---

Dear Mr. Editor, I pray give ear  
 To my sad tale, my pitiful lament ;  
 I've not been so annoy'd this many a year,  
 My inside's really quite in a ferment.  
 Those other provinces—oh dear !—oh dear !—  
 Are filling me with shame and discontent ;  
 I, who was once so vigorous and bold,  
 Am in the dumps—and why ?—*I've got no gold !*

There's that Otago—oatmeal eating place—  
 Is turning gold up by the hundred weight.  
 That fag-end of the world—now in the race,  
 Is going a-head at a confounded rate.  
 See what a grin lights up each Scotchman's face,  
 When they compare their own with my sad fate.  
 Otago may be bleak, and wet, and cold,  
 But what of that, when they've got lots of gold ?

Then up at Nelson, too, they've still got patches,  
 Where men may earn about a crown a day ;  
 And every month you hear of folks in batches,  
 To some new gully being led away.  
 Though their best fields are only chickens' scratches,  
 And their best claims were never known to pay.  
 But I don't dare to speak lest I get told,—  
 “We have got *some* ; but *you*—you've got *no gold* !”

There's the North Island, too, if people knew it,  
 Has got gold from the one end to the other ;  
 See Coromandel, how the stuff runs through it,  
 If Mr. Maori would but act the brother,  
 And let his white companion get up to it,—  
 If it was here, I'd soon stop all that bother.  
 We know not what the future may unfold.  
 But I'm afraid it will bring me no gold.

I've got a great geologist to look  
 About for gold and try can he discern it ;  
 And he's been fossicking in every nook,  
 But nothing found, or I should quickly learn it—

Except some coal, as black as any rook,  
 And famous fuel,—if one could only burn it.  
 Coal is a mine of wealth, as I've been told ;  
 But blow black diamonds ! What I want is gold !

I've boundless plains (half swamp, half stony land) ;  
 I've mighty streams that through those plains come  
     roaring ;  
 I've lots of bush (though it's not close at hand) ;  
 I've lofty hills—through one of them I'm boring ;  
 I've foaming cataracts, and glaciers grand,  
     Though I don't think such places worth exploring ;  
 I've stores of mineral wealth, as yet untold,  
 But none of what I want—I've got no gold !

I've circulated rumours, not a few,  
 Of people finding nuggets by the score,  
 To cause a rush, but that game wouldn't do,  
     It only got me laughed at more and more.  
 They found some lately down at Timaru—  
     Though they that found it planted it before.  
 The people don't seem willing to be sold—  
 They can't be made believe there's any gold !

What shall I do ? My case is very hard.  
 I've one more grief to state before I leave it.  
 I'm offering now One Thousand Pounds Reward  
     For finding gold—*but people don't believe it !*  
 They think—the beggars are so on their guard—  
     It's all a hoax, and that they'll not receive it.  
 Dear Mr. Editor, may I be so bold,  
 One question—Do you know of any gold ?

J. T. M.

October, 1862.

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### The Lost Steamship. (2\*)

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Slowly the great red sun  
 Sank in the seas ;  
 Grey cloud grey cloud upon,  
 Ossa on Pelion,  
 Up from the horizon

Crept on the breeze,  
That with a mournful sigh,  
Like a sad spirit's cry,  
Weirdly and fitfully  
Swept o'er the seas.

Then—while the heavens grew  
Deeper and deeper blue,  
Changing to ebon hue—  
Star after star,  
Climbing the distant height,  
Each a pale thread of light  
Down through the murky night  
Shot from afar.

Still the great clouds of grey  
Darker and darker, aye,  
Over the starry way  
Rose on the breeze.  
Darker and darker yet,  
Till over all they met,  
And, like a pall of jet,  
Hung o'er the seas.

Silence—unbroken by  
Aught but the sea-bird's cry,  
And the wind's solemn sigh;  
Saving the sound  
Of the great inky waves,  
Rising o'er ocean caves,  
Falling o'er ocean graves—  
Reigned all around.

See! where a stream of light  
Gleams from a furnace bright,  
Beams through the gloom of night  
Over the deep.  
Yonder a steamer's bound;  
Hark to the engine's sound;  
Hark how the wheels go round,  
Merrily sweep.



Gaily the waters splash,  
 Gaily the paddles clash,  
 As through the waves they dash  
 Swiftly along.  
 And o'er the rolling seas,  
 Comes on the fitful breeze,  
 Mingled with sounds like these,  
 Laughter and song.

Hark! what is that I hear?  
 Hush, 'tis a sound of fear!  
 Strain now the eye and ear,  
 The light is gone.  
 Oh! List that dreadful cry,  
 Like a last agony;  
 In it what terrors lie,  
 God! that 'twere dawn!

Hark! o'er the murky main  
 Comes the dread sound again;  
 Yet the eye looks in vain.  
 Hush, it is o'er.  
 Now doth a stillness reign,  
 Save the wind's sigh again,  
 And the great mournful main  
 Sobbing to shore.

\*     \     \*     \*     \*  
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Slowly the night has passed,  
 And the great sun at last  
 Over the sea has cast  
 Brightly his ray;  
 But o'er the rolling deep  
 Vainly the eye doth sweep;  
 Nowhere a paddle ship  
 Speeds on her way.

Vainly the loved ones wait,  
 Sadly and desolate;  
 Still is that steamer's fate  
 Hidden in gloom;

And God alone can tell  
 What on that night befell,  
 And how the "City" went  
 Down to her doom!

Weep for the desolate!  
 Weep for the widow's state!  
 Weep for the orphan's fate!  
 Weep ye and pray  
 That the great God, who gave  
 Theirs to one common grave,  
 Will, in His mercy, save  
 Them in their day;

And with his favour bless  
 Widow and fatherless,  
 Giving to them the grace  
 Humbly to say—  
 E'en from beside the grave—  
 Blessed be God who gave,  
 And in His wisdom hath  
 Taken away.

W. J. S.

June, 1865.

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**The Runaways. (25)**

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**A HISTORICAL BALLAD.**

---

There was an Island in the sea,  
 Of which some people say  
 It was not very wise or old,  
 Although its head was GREY.

Now in this Island all the men  
 Fell out, as it was found,  
 Into a quarrel, though it was  
 Pacific all around.

For of the people some were black,  
 And others they were white;  
 Which was a serious difference,  
 So they began to fight.

One morn the fought, they fight was hot,  
 Although the day was show'ry ;  
 And many a gallant soldier then  
 Was bid *Memento Maori*.

The smoke was thick, the blacks fell down  
 Upon the ground like rain ;  
 Though once they joined a rising, now  
 They'll never rise again.

And where the fire was very hot,  
 It made a number cold ;  
 It broke the ranks, it melted them,  
 And cast them on the mould.

Among the wounded was a man,  
 To whom the names belong  
 Of ENOCH CÆSAR PALMERSTON,  
 Done into Maori tongue.

Now ENOCH's leg had got in it  
 A bullet from a gun ;  
 And when he tried to cut away,  
 The wound began to run.

And since he could not run with it,  
 He stopped and bound his scars ;  
 And, though not hoping to be paid,  
 Was pitched upon by Tars.

Who seeing ENOCH so cast down,  
 They took him up so short ;  
 Said they " You are our prisoner,  
 So you must come to Court."

Said he, " I've got a ball inside,"—  
 He did not mean to scoff—  
 " I'll go to Court, and you may then  
 Present and let me off."

" No, no ! " replied the Boatswain's mate,  
 " Avast a bit, my hearty !  
 Let's see the ball "—but as he spoke,  
 They saw another party.

A party of Militia-men,  
 An officer therewith ;  
 In camp he was a Corporal JONES,  
 In town a general smith.

This Corporal had a warlike nose,  
 Gunpowdery in hue ;  
 It Trumpeted his honours, but  
 It could not beat tattoo.

For ENOCH's face was lined throughout  
 With ornamental scars  
 Of blue, with red ones added in  
 The Taranaki wars.

The first were cunning chisel marks,  
 The second, crooked ruts ;  
 Proofs, like the *Witness* journal, of  
 Essays on Gold, with cuts.

This JONES took ENOCH to the camp,  
 Where were a number more  
 Of Maoris, whom his comrades bold  
 Made prisoners before.

The General stood in front of them,  
 As upright as a larch ;  
 And, though November was the month,  
 He sent them off to march.

He sent them all on board a hulk,  
 Abreast of Auckland town :  
 He put them down the hold, and bade  
 The soldiers hold them down.

Some snivelled, going in ; some howled ;  
 Some noses blew, with bellows ;  
 But careful keeping in the hulk,  
 Soon made them hulking fellows.

Potatoes, bread, and milk, and meat,  
 Such was their commissariat.  
 Tobacco, to assuage their woe ;  
 And Doctor's stuff, to vary it.

At first they wanted bracing up,  
 Their clothes so hung about ;  
 But when they'd been a month on board,  
 They wanted letting out.

And so they got a run a-shore,  
 For souls' and bodies' profit,  
 On KAWAU's copper beach. Of course,  
 They cut their sticks from off it.

For TITUS WHITE who guarded them,  
 He left them on the shore ;  
 Says he, " They've got no boat, nor gear,  
 Except the copper ore ;

" Therefore, they cannot leave the Isle."  
 And at his joke he laughed ;  
 But, silly TITUS WHITE ! he quite  
 Forgot their native craft.

And so by night they ran away,  
 And got upon the main.  
 And in the morning TITUS went  
 To fetch them back again.

At last he found them on a hill,  
 All fortified about.  
 They hollowed rifle pits within ;  
 And WHITE he holloaed out.

And at his shout, so loud and long—  
 It was a wondrous sight—  
 Two hundred dusky faces, then,  
 Were turned at once to WHITE.

" Come back "—he cried—" my prisoners !"  
 Each hand directly rose,  
 And, with extended fingers, gave  
 Point to their silent noes.

" Come back unto your Governor ;  
 He will avenge your slights.  
 For GREY's the only medium  
 Between the Blacks and Whites."

Said they—"No, no! that's very fine;  
 But GREY will never do.  
 He is not black enough for us,  
 Nor white enough for you."

Said WHITE—"You are his children dear,  
 And don't he love you, rather?  
 So be advised, and leave your pa,  
 And come unto your father."

"Perhaps," they said, "we were his sons,  
 But now we're better nursed.  
 We're Royal Maori Infantry,  
 And will see him farther first."

Now TITUS WHITE was puzzled quite,  
 And knew not what to say;  
 So went and told his tale, so blue,  
 Unto his head, SIR GREY.

"Go back, go back,"—replied his chief,  
 With sternness on his tongue,—  
 "They are our rebel prisoners,  
 Deserving to be hung.

"But tell them"—here he smiled so sly—  
 "To make them come the quicker,  
 I'll heap upon them chains of—land  
 And keep them tight in—liquor."

So TITUS WHITE went back to tell  
 His chief's determination;  
 With Native Office notes which formed  
 A very free translation.

"I and SIR GEORGE, we love you well,  
 Like brothers of your race.  
 We'll swear we do, till we're as black  
 As you are in the face.

"You shall be found in meat and drink,  
 Houses and gardens too;  
 And make believe you're prisoners,  
 By having nought to do."

"Give land!" they said, "'Tis all our own.

"Do nought!—we do it now!

Give meat!—We shan't be hungry while  
A settler owns a cow.

"But if you must have prisoners,

You'll soon accomplish that:

Catch them when starving, and you may  
Detain them till they're fat.

"Treat them like us, and do again

The same good natured thing;

Recruit the Maori forces for

HIS MAJESTY THE KING."



## NOTES.

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(1.) "*Night-Watch Song of the Charlotte Jane.*"—The Charlotte Jane was one of the four ships which left England together, in September, 1850, conveying the first emigrants to Canterbury. Three of these ships arrived in Lyttelton harbour on the same day, December 16, 1850, though they had not sighted one another during the whole voyage from England. The Charlotte Jane was the first to drop anchor; and the Sir George Seymour and Randolph made their appearance within a few hours. The fourth ship, the Créssy, arrived after the lapse of a few days.

(2.) "*Pilgrims and Prophets.*"—During the first year of the Settlement, Canterbury was invaded by a body of Sheep-farmers from Port Philip (Victoria), who were regarded by the Settlers partly with admiration as successful colonists, and partly with horror as disbelievers in the art of colonization and the "Canterbury system." The visitors found the country admirably adapted for sheep-farming, and they treated with some contempt the raw emigrants from England who looked to agriculture as the foundation of their fortunes. One of the visitors, who seem to have delighted in the *soubriquet* of "Shagroons," ventured to prophesy, in a letter which found its way into print, that the "Canterbury Pilgrims" would soon be ruined, and their country left for occupation by his more enlightened comrades. The "pilgrims" sought no harsher revenge than to nick-name their Port Philip visitors "prophets," and to take example from their experience in pastoral pursuits. The Canterbury pasturage system was quickly adapted to the requirements of sheep-farming on a large scale, and "pilgrims" and "prophets" were soon merged into one class as Canterbury runholders.

(3.) "*Lines on a Recent Calamity.*"—Mr. William Deans, one of two brothers who settled at Riccarton, on the plains, long before Canterbury was founded, was drowned by the shipwreck of the vessel in which he was proceeding to Wellington, on his way to England, on the 23rd of July, 1851. Mr. Deans had been a warm friend to all classes among the Canterbury settlers.

(4.) "*The Shagroon's Lament.*"—One of the "Shagroons" from Port Philip entered upon the pastoral occupation of some country near the Gorge of the river Rakai. There is, perhaps, no more windy spot in the whole of New Zealand, and the Shagroon did not long endure it. He quickly adopted the habits, occupation, and characteristics of a genuine "pilgrim," and now neither grumbles in verse nor prophesies in prose.



(5.) "*The Overseer's Lament.*"—Australia, not New Zealand, is the scene of the woes endured and described by the overseer.

(6.) "*Lay of the Last Registered Dog.*"—This song and the next—the "Proclamation"—were written at the time of the first election for the Superintendency, House of Representatives, and Provincial Council, in Canterbury, which took place at the end of the year 1853. Sir George Grey was then Governor of the Colony. The Candidates for the Superintendency were Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald, who was successful, Mr. H. J. Tancred and Lieut.-Col. Campbell, who were defeated. "Ten Bob," used as the name of a dog, implies that the Registration Fee of Ten Shillings has been paid for him.

(7.) "*Charades on Unpopular Subjects.*"—The 'Unpopular Subjects' of the year 1856 were principally the means of communication through the country, and especially the North Road to Kaiapoi, the Lyttelton Bridle-path, and the ferries over the rivers.

(8.) "*Manuka Branches, with Holes between.*"—A practice was adopted for a short time of mending very bad holes in the road by throwing strong stakes and brushwood over the mud from side to side of the broken spot, and covering these with dry clay; by which means the road received the appearance rather than the reality of firmness.

(9.) "*What are the Customs Doing?*"—The Customs Tariff was also an "unpopular subject" at the end of the year 1856, when the new principle was adopted of levying duties on some classes of imports by weight, and on others by measurement. A story goes that one of the first cargoes to arrive after the change consisted of coconuts, and that the Customs officials were driven to their wits' end to compute the duty payable upon each nut separately and the whole cargo collectively.

(10.) "*Our Beautiful Church is Tumbling Down.*"—Lyttelton Church was first built of brick, with timber framing, in the year 1852; but the building had to be taken down a few years afterwards. A substantial stone structure now occupies its place.

(11.) "*Lay of the Sumner Road.*"—One of Mr. Fitzgerald's last acts as Superintendent was to open formally the Sumner Road, by driving over it from Christchurch to Lyttelton. But several months before this feat was accomplished, the Superintendent invited all the Members of the Council to walk over the road, and form an opinion upon its merits. Opinions differed widely. Some persons thought that the Sumner line could never be rendered a serviceable dray road, and advocated the improvement of the Bridle-path for passengers, and the River for goods traffic, until the time for a railway should come. Others followed the opinion of the Government of the day, that a tramway through a high level tunnel under Evans Pass, on the line of the Sumner Road, would serve every present purpose, and even render a direct railway unnecessary for the future. The majority, however, seem to have come to the conclusion that an open road by Sumner, not turned into a tramway, and not passing through a tunnel, would be of great practical advantage for many years to come, and would be quite worth the money which must be expended upon it. The subject was one of daily discussion; opinions were warmly held, and not seldom violently expressed, for and against each scheme; and it needed but a small stretch of imagination to believe that the Members of Council

who objected to the Sumner Road were ready to perish on the hated spot rather than abandon their principles. None of them did so; they visited the road, dined together at Sumner, abode by their previous views, and maintained the dispute actively for many following years.

(12.) "*Railroadior*."—A proposal was made by the Provincial Government in the spring of 1856 to lay down a tramway from Lyttelton to Christchurch, on the line of the Sumner Road, passing under Evans pass by a high level tunnel. This project, which is alluded to above, was not carried out.

(13.) "*Road Lines*."—The Sumner line of tramway was to be combined with a common road, which was to be brought into use, while the tunnel should be in progress of construction, by means of steep zig-zags between the permanent line and the summit of Evans Pass. These zig-zags have been completed, and now form part of the Sumner Road.

(14.) "*The Town of Christchurch*."—Christchurch, in 1857, was beginning to assume the appearance of a town. Cashel Street was the first which could boast of an almost continuous row of buildings on each side for a portion of its length. The Government offices and Council Chamber were accommodated in a house previously occupied by Mr. W. G. Brittan, between Cathedral Square and the river. The house was afterwards converted into a hotel, and has recently been pulled down in the progress of improvement. Readers of Irish song literature will not need to be told that the form of ballad in the text is a close imitation of the "*Groves of Blarney*" before that popular song was polished up—was it by Father Prout?—into regular metre and accurate rhyme.

(15.) "*Ballad of the Ancient Member*."—The second Provincial Council of Canterbury was opened at the beginning of 1858. The first, under Mr. FitzGerald's Superintendency, had been presided over by several administrations or "*Executives*;" but none of the Ministers known to that Council were re-elected to the second, except Mr. Richard Packer and Mr. John Hall.

(16.) "*Song of the Squatters*."—In the year 1858 the Land Regulations were altered by the Council, and some provisions respecting Pre-emptive rights on runs were introduced, giving, as many persons thought and still think, undue advantages to the run-holders.

(17.) "*Where's the Engineer?*"—Mr. Dobson, the Provincial Engineer, made an Exploring Expedition to the West Coast in the beginning of 1858. He was very much missed on the Eastern side of the Province, where the autumn and winter seasons happened to be excessively wet, and the roads became almost impassable in consequence. There was plenty of money in the Treasury at the time for all purposes; and the public chose to believe that the badness of the roads was due solely to the Engineer's neglect. But it is due to Mr. Dobson to say that, even if his trip to the West Coast was a holiday excursion, no Government officer ever deserved one better, or made better use of it; for he completed a laborious and successful exploration of the Teremakau river, and the country dividing the head-waters of the Hurunui from the

West Coast, and returned to Christchurch with many valuable additions to the topographical knowledge of the western territory of Canterbury.

(18.) "*The Nelson Appeal*."—Nelson, in 1860, was the only gold-producing province in New Zealand. As one of the settlements founded by the New Zealand Company, that province was afflicted with "Company's Scrip"—namely, transferable orders, entitling the holder to so much waste land whenever and wherever (within the settlement) he might choose to take it. It was constantly desired and attempted by the Nelson people, through their Representatives in the Assembly, to have the "scrip" made available throughout the Middle Island, and not in the province of Nelson only; but the attempt, made for the last time in 1860, was defeated. At the same time, Nelson, which had a territory always inferior in extent and value to that of Otago or Canterbury, and had divested itself of the greater part of its estate by selling it cheaply, and therefore had little land fund, complained that it was required to pay an equal share with the other Middle Island Provinces of the New Zealand Company's debt, which had been charged exclusively upon the Middle Island lands. This complaint was listened to, and a new adjustment of the debt was made more favourable to Nelson. The epigram in the text has reference to the gold, the scrip, and the debt, in the historical sense here described.

(19.) "*The Sumner Road*."—Captain Thomas, the Chief Surveyor and Engineer of the Canterbury Association, first laid out and partly constructed a line of road from Lyttelton to the Plains, by way of Evans Pass (the lowest saddle in the chain of hills) and Sumner. Under Mr. FitzGerald's Superintendency, Mr. Dobson, then Provincial Engineer, completed the construction of the road, but adopted a line differing considerably from that of Captain Thomas. When the road was first passable for a wheeled vehicle, Mr. FitzGerald drove a tandem cart along it from Christchurch to Lyttelton, and was received in the latter town with enthusiasm. Allusion is made in the text to the prison labour, by means of which that portion of the road nearest to Lyttelton was mainly constructed. During 1856 and 1857 one Alfred Ronnage was a notorious jail-bird, who was possessed of cunning enough to escape repeatedly from confinement, more than once by eluding the vigilance of the warder on the road works; but was never able to escape altogether. He was so desperate a character that the public were seized with a general terror whenever a fresh escape of Ronnage was announced. For each attempt Ronnage received an additional term of imprisonment, and it seemed that he would pass his lifetime in Lyttelton jail. He professed reformation at last, was on his best behaviour for a year, and was then allowed to leave the colony.

(20.) "*The Town and the Torrent*."—The possibility of Christchurch being overwhelmed by the waters of the Waimakariri has been asserted from the first settlement of the town. The river has done a great deal of damage at Kaiapoi; and the people of Christchurch have half expected to suffer similar disasters. The river has broken over its southern bank several times, and the escaping water has flowed down to the Avon, and through Christchurch, but no greater sign of its presence than the flooding of the latter river has been ever yet visible. On the occasion referred to in the text, an attempt was made to restrain the Waimakariri at the overflow point, by constructing sheet piling along the edge of the bank for some distance; but the attempt was

not successful. Mr. Dobson took advantage of the interest generally felt in the question to deliver a lecture upon it in Christchurch, which went to prove that any overflow at the dangerous spot must come down through the town. This opinion has since been confirmed with some modifications. For a long time after this lecture the river gave no trouble whatever; but recently (and notably on Christmas Day, 1865) there has been too much reason to doubt the "remarkable quietude" of the Waimakariri.

(21.) "*Drifting Away*."—These lines describe an incident which occurred as related in the text. A boat got adrift from the shore near Pigeon Bay, in a strong southerly breeze, which took it far away into the open sea. There were two people on board—an old negro and a woman on the eve of her confinement. The former abandoned himself to despair, but the latter exerted herself to the utmost. After being at sea for several days and nights, the boat was picked up by the whaling schooner "*Corsair*," and brought into Lyttelton.

(22.) "*The Missing Ship*."—These lines describe the departure from Pigeon Bay of a whaling ship, commanded by Captain Sinclair, who had settled on a most charming spot within the Bay, where he left his wife and family during his absence. He set out on a whaling voyage, and they never saw or heard of him or his ship again.

(23.) "*Arcades Ambo*."—Mr. FitzGerald returned from England in the year 1860, during Mr. Moorhouse's first tenure of office.

(24.) "*The Lost Steamship*."—The vessel referred to is the *City of Dunedin*, which was lost, with every one on board, a few hours after leaving Wellington harbour for Nelson and Hokitika.

(25.) "*The Runaways*."—The story of the escape of the Maori prisoners from Kawau is too well known to need repetition. But it may be remarked that "the same good-natured thing" has been done again. A number of Maori prisoners who were kept on board a hulk in Wellington Harbour managed to escape. Some perished and some were caught, but the greater part of them were never seen again. Mr. Titus White, who was in political charge of the prisoners on Kawau, and whose imaginary acts are described in the text, has since lost his life by the shipwreck or foundering of a schooner in which he was travelling from the Bay of Plenty to Auckland on Government service.



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